BRITISH CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XXXI.

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1803.

CONNOISSEUR.

N° 47——93.

——Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.——

HOR.

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THE CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

THE TA... * ...TI MAHAL.

N°. 47. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754.

Hic mecum licet, hic, Juvence, quicquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.
MART.

Here, witlings, here with Macklin talk your fill,
On plays, or politics, or what you will.

IT has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was possessed in so amazing a manner by the Grecian and Roman orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I shall not take upon me to determine: but I will now venture to affirm, that the present times might furnish us with a more surprising number of fine speakers, than have been set down by Tully in his treatise De Claris Oratoribus. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern

coldness of our climate has (as it were) pursed up our lips, and that we are afraid to open our mouths: The charm is at length dissolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and silence of the Spaniards, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of speech, as well as the gay manners, of the French.

This change has been brought about by the public-spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses, who have instituted certain schools for the cultivation of eloquence in all it's branches. Hence it is, that instead of languid discourses from the pulpit, several tabernacles and meeting-houses have been set up, where lay-preachers may display all the powers of oratory in sighs and groans, and emulate a Whitfield or a Wesley in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the enthusiast has his conventicles, but even the free-thinker boasts his societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similies. The declamations weekly thundered out at Clare-market, and the subtle argumentations at the Robin Hood, I have formerly celebrated: It now remains to pay my respects to the Martin Luther of the age, (as he frequently calls himself) the great orator Macklin; who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the British Inquisition. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature, is debated: Our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent Covent-Garden merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the piazza begins to vie with the ancient portico, where Socrates disputed.

But what pleases me most in Mr. Macklin's institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair country-women their full play. Their natural talents for oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the

other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies, "to talk, though they have nothing to say," and the torrent of eloquence, that pours (on the most trivial occasions) from the lips of those females, called scolds, give abundant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the stiff see-saw of a male orator: and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms, which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

Since the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for oratory, that no place should hitherto have been opened for their exerting them, is almost unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection: but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities, than the common occasions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or the card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad, that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation: but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at Macklin's; that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long

been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I could not have thought it possible, that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights, without setting all the female tongues from St. James's to Temple-Bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb; and female eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of Covent-Garden, I know not: but I am rather inclined to think, that the questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, "whether Fanny Murray or Lady ——— were the properest to lead the fashion;" "to what lengths a lady might proceed without the loss of her reputation;"—or "whether the beautifying lotion or the royal washball were the most excellent cosmetics." It might also be expected, in complaisance to the fair sex, that the Inquisitor should now and then read a dissertation on natural and artificial beauty; in which he might (with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself) analyse a lady's face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

But these points I shall leave to Mr. Macklin's consideration: In the mean time, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a lady's speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with an oration, which my correspondent is desirous should appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the Inquisition.

QUESTION.

Whether the Stage might not be made more conducive to virtue and morality?

MR. INQUISITOR,

THE ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view; and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the Gods and a love of their country. Our own stage, upon particular occasions, has been made to answer the same ends. Thus we may remember during the last rebellion, besides the loyalty of the fiddles in the orchestra, we were inspired with a detestation of the Pope and Pretender by the Nonjuror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Impostor, and such other politico-religious dramas.

But there is a species of the drama, which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have spoke to the question, and which is very deficient in point of moral: I mean, pantomimes. Mr. Law has been very severe on the impiety of representing heathen gods and goddesses before a truly Christian audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked sort of fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part I have often blushed to see this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say, indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in these entertainments: though it must be confessed to the honour of our neighbouring house here, that the Necromancer and the Sorcerer, after having played many unchristian pranks upon the stage, are at last fairly sent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our pantomime-writers, that instead of the Pantheon, or lewd comedies, they would take their subjects

from some old Garland, moral ballad, or penny history book. Suppose, for example, they were to give us the story of Patient Grizzle in dumb shew; setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting;—and there you might have the scene of the spinning wheel, and the song of the Early horn;—and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might represent by machinery, this lord at last married her;—and then you may have a grand temple and a dance. The other house have already revived the good old story of Fortunatus's wishing cap; and as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibit a pantomime of the Three Children in the Wood;—'twould be vastly pretty to see the paste-board robin-red-breasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have fairies and genii, I would advise them to take their stories out of that pretty little book, called the Fairy Tales. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs, horses, lions, monkeys, &c. we should be full as well pleased to see the Wolf and little red Riding-Hood; and we should laugh vastly at the adventures of Puss in Boots. I need not point out the excellent moral, which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries.

O

N° 48. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

——— *Age, libertate Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.——
HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial sires of old,
With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in Nelson: It shall at present be my business to shew the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: The revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of these twelve days, has always been found

to encrease considerably: And it is impossible to conceive the slaughter, that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious number of turkeys and chines, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting, with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the game-act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable housewives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard, that has been shewn of late years to that old English repast: for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, furmity to Midlent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas day. And they think it no wonder, that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic aumlets, and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year

to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those, who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe, to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a turene at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk with his brother foxhunters in the smoking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, and apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid, as to refuse them an holiday; and by remarkable good luck the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes. The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas box for it's original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money;

and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The six-penny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the syrens of Catherine-street charm many an holiday gallant into their snares; and the play-houses are filled with beaux, wits and critics, from Cheapside and White-Chapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity there are some so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month, in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expence of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home: Then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shop-keepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas boxes. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at it's approach; as it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time, by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have within this year or two been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their Christmas accord-

ing to act of parliament. My cousin Village informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy; who, by evading the expence of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the New Style on another account; because it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas day and their wedding day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied; and since Christmas day has to persons of distinction a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a route on that day; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas day is so like Sunday.

N° 49. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1754.

Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis
Emeritâ quæ cessat acu: sententia prima
Hujus erit; post hanc ætate atque arte minores
Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,
Aut animæ: tanta est quærendi cura decoris.
JUV.

Here ev'ry belle, for taste and beauty known,
Shall meet——to fix the fashion of a gown;
Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.
Life, soul, and all, would claim th' attention less;
For life and soul is center'd all—in dress.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

CONTESTED elections and double returns being at present the general topic of discourse, a subject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little concerned, I have a scheme to propose to you in their behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their professed patron, will use your eloquence to recommend, and your authority to enforce. It has long been a matter of real concern to every well-wisher to the fair sex, that the men should be allowed the free choice of representatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the same privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by a female parliament.

I do not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first projecting this scheme, since an assembly of this nature has been proposed before: but as it appears to me so

necessary, I would advise that writs be immediately issued out for calling a parliament of women, which for the future should assemble every winter, and be dissolved every third year. My reason for shortening the time of their sitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much business will be done, at least as many speeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in seven. To this assembly every county and city in England shall send two members; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we shall presently see that they can have no business to transact there. But as I would have their number at least equal to that of the other parliament, the deficiency should be supplied by the squares and great streets at the court end of the town, each of which should be represented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers (whether spiritual or temporal) should sit here in their own right, the others by election only; any woman to be qualified, whose husband, or even whose father (for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified to be chosen into the other. In the same manner, whatever entitles the husband or father to vote at that election, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

Having settled this point, it now remains to adjust the subjects which they are to treat of; and these we shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance. What think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashions, of as much consequence to them as the rise and fall of kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or ball, as interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congress? These subjects, and these alone, will sufficiently employ them every sessions; and as their judgment must be final, how delightful will it be to have bills brought in to

determine, how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be exposed, how many court'sies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the precise privileges of birth or fortune, that entitle the possessors to give routs or drums, on week-days or on Sundays. Whoever should presume to transgress against these laws, might be punished suitably to their offences; and be banished from public places, or be condemned to do penance in linsey-woolsey: or if any female should be convicted of immodesty, she might be outlawed; and then (as these laws would not bind the nymphs of Drury) we should easily distinguish a modest woman, as the phrase is, if not by her looks, at least by her dress and appearance; and the victorious Fanny might then be suffered to strike bold strokes without rivalry or imitation. If any man too should be found so grossly offending against the laws of fashion as to refuse a member a bow at a play or a salute at a wedding, how suitably would he be punished by being reprimanded on his knees in such an assembly, and by so fine a woman as we may suppose the speaker would be? Then doubtless would a grand committee sit on the affair of hoops; and were they established in their present form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged accordingly. Then should we talk as familiarly of the visit bill as of the marriage bill; and with what pleasure should we peruse the regulations of the committee of dress? Every lover of decorum would be pleased to hear, that refractory females were taken into custody by the usher of the black fan: The double return of a visit would occasion as many debates as the double return for a certain county; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to see the ladies of the shire going about, mounted on their white palfreys, and canvassing for votes.

Till this great purpose is attained, I see not how

the visible enormities in point of dress, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I shall hope to see politeness and good breeding distinguished from formality and affectation, and dresses invented that will improve, not diminish the charms of the fair, and rather become than disguise the wearers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

I am much obliged to my correspondent for his letter, and heartily wish that this scheme was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dress demand proper restrictions. The ancients settled their national habit by law: but the dress of our own country is so very fluctuating, that if the great grand-mothers of the present generation were to arise, they would not be able to guess at their posterity from their dress, but would fancy themselves in a strange country. As these affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would soon be sensible of the advantages accruing from a female parliament: and though ladies of fashion might probably claim some peculiar liberties in dress by their privilege, it might naturally be expected that this wise assembly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order; nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarterns from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without an handkerchief.

I am aware that a considerable objection may be brought against this scheme: to wit, that a female parliament (like those of the men) may be subject to corruption, and made dependent on a court. The enormous Elizabeth ruff, and the awkward queen of

Scots mob, are fatal instances of the evil influence, which courts have upon fashions: and as no one can tell the power, which a British queen might have over the councils of a female parliament, future ages might perhaps see the stays bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of Alexander's courtiers.

But though a parliament on the foregoing scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among the order of females, who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertise for gentlemen to play at cards with them. The reader may remember, that some time ago an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the Covent-Garden Society; in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted common. This very society is composed of these agreeable young ladies, whose business it is to play at cards with those gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houses of Parliament, into Ladies and Commons. The upper order of card-players take their seats according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while the Commons are made up of the lower sort of gamblers within the hundreds of Drury and Covent-Garden. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her card-money; and the revenue arising from it is applied to the levying of hoop-petticoats, sacks, petenlairs, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be issued out nightly according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this society since its institution: A commoner in the space of a few weeks has been called up to the House of Ladies; and another, who at first sat as peeress, has been suddenly degraded, and voted common.

More particulars of this society have not come to my knowledge: but their design seems to be, to erect a commonwealth of themselves, and to rescue their liberties from being invaded by those who have presumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and shuffling for themselves, should generally prevail among all the agreeable young gamesters of Covent-Garden, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable sisterhood of Douglas, Haddock, and Noble, as well as the fraternity of Harris, Derry, and the rest of those gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as groom-porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From such a combination it may greatly be feared, that the honourable profession of pimp will in a short time become as useless as that of a Fleet-parson.

N° 50. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

——— *Vitæ*
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi consciscant mærenti pectore lethum.
LUCRET.

O deaf to nature, and to Heav'n's command!—
Against thyself to lift the murd'ring hand!
O damn'd despair!—to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-Fire-Club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamesters

and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then, that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as a toss-up whether there is another world, takes his chance,

and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the Forlorn Hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was also lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and genteelest method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself, like a blind puppy, in Rosamond's Pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble

it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear, every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has set on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor dog, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster-Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like marks

of ignominy on our male-suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lie (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectable we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:—

The slayer of himself too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half-clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.

DRYDEN'S FABLES.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's-Hall in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom, that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch

themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north-pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy disease.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up

in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

If this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a bill of suicide, distinct from the common bill of mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we should find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a bill of suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of self-murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put in execution.

Bill of Suicide for the year ———

Of Newmarket Races. . . .
Of Kept Mistresses. . . . .
Of Electioneering. . . . . .
Of Lotteries. . . . .
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Disease. . . . . .
Of White's. . . . .
Of Chinese Temples, &c. .
Of a Country Seat. . . . .
Of a Town House. . . . .
Of Fortune-Hunting. . . .
Of a Tour through France and Italy. . . . .
Of Lord Bolingbroke. . . .
Of the Robin Hood Society
Of an Equipage. . . . . .
Of a Dog-Kennel. . . . .
Of Covent-Garden. . . . .
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masquerades, Routs, Drums, &c. . . . .
Of keeping the best Company. . . . .

W.

N° 51. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

Adde quòd absumunt vires, pereuntque labore:
Adde quòd alterius sub nutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans.
LUCRET.

When haughty mistresses our souls enthrall,
They waste our strength, our fortune, fame, and all:
Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,
Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a fine gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should have a girl in keeping. Intriguing with women of fashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common course of gallantry; but this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of business, is the principal mark of his superior taste and quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea in Covent-Garden; but the shortness of their finances will not permit them to persevere in debauchery with the air and spirit of a man of quality. The kept mistress (which those half-reprobates dare not think of) is a constant part of the retinue of a complete fine gentleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of his equipage, as French *valet de chambre*, or a four-wheel'd post-chaise.

It was formerly the fashion among the ladies to keep a monkey. At that time every woman of quality thought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even

the merchants' wives in the city had their fashionable pugs to play tricks and break china. A girl in keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives: however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress: and it is always the first step of an Englishman of fashion after his arrival at Paris, to take one of the Filles d'Opera under his protection. It was but the other day, that Florio went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almost as soon as he got to France, took a smart girl off the stage, to make as genteel a figure at Paris. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to White's, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; so must he likewise have his kept mistress, because it is the fashion: and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality—"For, says he, I have a post-chaise and never ride in it, I have a wife and never see her, and I keep a mistress and never lie with her."

But if these sort of keepers, who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their dulcineas are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband, that ever bore

the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut, who finds him in her power. Her behaviour will continually give him new occasion of jealousy; and perhaps she will really dispense her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will smile, when she wants money; be insolent, when she does not; and in short leave no artifice untried, to plague his heart, and drain his pocket. A friend of mine used constantly to rail at the slavish condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government: he therefore prudently resolved to live an uncontrouled bachelor, and for reason pitched upon a country girl, who should serve him as a handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very snug and retired manner, he had even calculated, how much she would save him in curtailing his ordinary expenses at taverns and bagnios: but this scheme of economy did not last long; for the artful jade soon contrived "to wind her close into his easy heart," and inveigled him to maintain her in all the splendor and *eclat* of a first-rate lady of pleasure. He at first treated her with all the indifference of a fashionable husband: but as soon as she found herself to be entire mistress of his affections, it is surprising to think what pains she took, to bring him to the most abject compliance with all her whimsies, and to tame him to the patient thing he now is. A frown on his part would frequently cost him a brocade, and a tear from her was sure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron. Upon any slight quarrel——O she would leave him that moment;——and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one else, she would work upon his jealousy by continually twitting him with—She knew a gentleman, who would scorn to use her so barbarously,—and she would go to him,—if she could be sure she was not

with child.——This last circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I have known her make great use of breeding qualms upon occasion; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham miscarriage to prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if he ever had a child by her, it should take it's chance at the Foundling-Hospital. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined, that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse,—he hated the squall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed: she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight; and it would kill her not to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning, stirring the pap, holding the clouts before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurse. Such is the transformation of this kind keeper, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a fondlewife among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls commonly end one of these two ways: they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate; or after as many years cohabitation, as would have tired them of a wife, they grow so doatingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

The most unpardonable sort of keepers are married men, and old men. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

Cynthio about two years ago was married to Clarinda, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition was as agreeable as her person,

and her chief endeavour was to please her husband. But Cynthio's folly and vanity soon got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not six months after his marriage, before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear Polly uses him like a dog; and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill-treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He seldom visits her, but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy disease, for which he was obliged to his mistress. Yet is he still so infatuated as to doat on this vile hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his bastards by Polly. Though it is palpable to every one but Cynthio, that Polly has no attraction but the name of mistress, and Clarinda no fault but being his wife.

Sir Thrifty Gripe is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has just taken a girl into keeping. Till very lately the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and "a penny saved is a penny got" was his favourite maxim. But he has suddenly deserted Wingate for Rochester, and the 'Change for Covent-Garden. Here he met with the buxom Charlotte, who at once opened his heart and his purse, and soon began to scatter his guineas in paying her debts, and supplying her fresh expenses. Her equipage is as genteel and elegant as that of a duchess; and the wise men in the ally shake their heads at Sir Thrifty as the greatest spendthrift in town. Sir Thrifty was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000l. but after she had two sons by him, he sent her into the North of Wales to live cheap, and prevent the probable expense of more children. His sons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Sir Thrifty now scarce allows them enough to support them. His mistress and he almost

always appear together at public places, where she constantly makes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow, like January by the side of May. Thus Sir Thrifty lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts, to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they sometimes choose to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his clothes to Monmouth-street, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to Hounslow-Heath. I know a templar, who always keeps a girl for the first month after he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter: and it was but lately, that my mercer discovered his apprentice to be concerned with two others in an association for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

This review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us in accounting for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that in this case the misbehaviour of the women is in a great measure to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected, that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad. Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his

family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

O.

N° 52. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mirè sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.
HOR.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very Miss.

——— *Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ*
Fæmineas assueta manus.——— ———
VIRG.

See the she-rake her softer sex disown:
The breeches more become her than the gown.

I Am persuaded, that my readers will agree with me in thinking, that the writers of the following letters ought to change clothes; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a pretty miss in breeches, and the other a blood in petticoats.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

Rocks, desarts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

Having received frequent invitation from Sir Sampson Five-bars, and having heard much of the beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this Christmas to him at his seat in Wiltshire. I flattered myself with the hopes, that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were not mere stocks and stones, my clothes and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you, that I was disappointed? Sir Sampson is what the country people call an hearty man: He has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter Broughton without mufflers; "when he speaks, thunder breaks;" he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine, that what was pleasure to him must be torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir Sampson out of his abundant good-nature insisted on lending me a gun, and shewing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with an huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. After I had followed him over three or four ploughed fields, a servant, who was with us, hollowed out, mark! when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it threw me into a swoon, and at last I could hardly be convinced, that Sir Sampson had shot nothing but a partridge.

After this you will conclude, that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miss Fanny, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a chair-woman, and in short is more like Trulla in

Hudibras, or Boadicea in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily too the horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that while I was scampering after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought me to the ground. I received no hurt; but the fall so fluttered my spirits, that Miss Fanny was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the utmost confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at my distress, and Sir Sampson himself told me, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's, that he would lend me one of his maids to carry me out airing every morning.

Besides these and fifty other mortifications, I could scarce get any rest during the whole time I remained there: every other morning I was constantly waked by the hungry knight, just returned from the chace and bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted the ladies; for I should infallibly have perished, had I staid in the hall amidst the jargon of toasts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my disappointment was grievous past expression. These fair ones, for such they were, were hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always cooped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languishing *delicatesse* of women of fashion. Their clothes were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedness; and they had no notion, that their eyes were given them for any other purpose than to see, and (what is more strange) to read, forsooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unless a woman can use her eyes to more advantage, I should as soon fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and what constitutes the difference between a lady and her cookmaid, but her taste in dress? Mobs and handkerchiefs answer

the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin to think, that these aukward creatures were so stupid and unaccountable, as to have no design upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, these girls are constant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there; employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans, and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service too the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday as a roast sirloin and a plumb-pudding.

But even with these unaccountable females, I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these, I found, they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assembly. But what was my mortification! when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at an huge round table with country girls and cherry-cheek'd bumkins to play, according to annual Christmas custom, at Pope Joan and Snip-snap-snorum.

It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessaries of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the Hottentots. Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-wash, nor a dust of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion, that lying in dog-skin gloves will not re-

cover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *dishevelle;* and I am sure, I should not have been known at the *dilettanti.* At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted; and to add to my distress, I lost my snuff-box. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded such snuff and salts as mine; I could as soon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of Deard's, and of my own choosing. So I hurried up to town, and being just recovered from the fatigue of my journey I send you this, in hopes that my woeful experience will deter all my friends, from following a chase as mad and hare-brained as any of Sir Sampson's; since it is impossible to exist a day there with tolerable ease, and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unless they are improved by a town education.

Sir, yours, &c.

DILLY DIMPLE.

My other correspondent, by the familiarity of her address, must be, I am sure, a woman of fashion.

DEAR TOWN!

DID I know your christian name I would call you by it, to shew you at first setting out, that I know the world, and was born and bred in high life.

The design of this epistle is to express to you the uneasiness, that some of us women of spirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats, and to convince you, by our way of life, that had we been men, we should have been bucks of the first head. Be assured, however, that such of us as are unmarried are strictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of copying the dress of the nymphs of Drury. And can any thing be invented more becoming? Fanny, it must be

owned, has taste. What so smart as a cocked hat? and who but sees the advantages of short petticoats, unless it be some squire's awkward daughter, who never yet heard of a Poloneze, and never accidentally shews her leg without blushing?

It is true, their similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the sentry: and how did a young templar start and stare, when, having just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

If you frequent Ranelagh, you must undoubtedly have seen or heard me there. I am always surrounded with a croud of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while Beard is singing. One is my dear lord, another my sweet colonel; and the rest I call Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as I would their footmen. At the play I always enter in the first act. All the eyes of the house are turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled the act is over; and to some I nod or court'sy, with others I talk and laugh, till the curtain falls.

What would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret, and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to be played by me in men's clothes.

Your's, as you mind me,

HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

N° 53. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

——— *Aconita bibuntur.*
JUV.

Drams are our bane, since poisons lurk within,
And some by cordials fall, and some by gin.

NOTHING is more natural than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons, who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound for taking off superfluous hairs at a guinea an ounce: and ladies of quality are constantly informed, where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of Chelsea China figures for deserts. It is very necessary, that the *beau monde* should be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in England, the same as at Paris: but I must own, I was very much surprised at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the "Rich Cordial Warehouse," introduced by an address "to the people of fashion." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction, and I know not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates, that our Right Honourables are no better than dram-drinkers.

There is a well-known story of the famous Rabelais, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several vials with an innocent liquor, and directed them with—Poison for the King,—Poison for the Dauphin,—Poison for the Prime Minister, and

for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these rich cordial liquors; which however they may recommend themselves to the people of fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or, Eau divine,* and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of Rabelais) with—Poison for my Lord Duke,—Poison for the Viscount,—Poison for the Countess.

We live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from France and Italy, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *à la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to ensure great success to the Monsieur taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a French cook; our wines are of the same country; and the dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with rich cordials from *Chamberry, Neuilly,* and *l'Isle de Rhè.* A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names, which are given to many of these; nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues, as well as the intent, of Viper Water may be well known: but who would imagine, that *Flora Granater,* or *Belle de Nuit* should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part I should rather have taken *Marasquino* for an Italian fiddler, and have concluded that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an Opera-singer.

But dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in practice, in every station of life; and sipping rich cordials is no less detestable, than in the vulgar idiom, bunging your eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs* or plain aniseed? or whether we fetch our drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Still?

The lady of St. James's, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles's, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half-quarterns of Gin Royal. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people: and if persons of fashion must wrap up their drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a German princess: every petty chandler's shop will sell you Sky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with Holland Tape, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between Oil of Venus, Spirit of Adonis, and Parfait Amour, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called Cupid's Eye-water, Strip me naked, and Lay me down softly.

To these elegant and genteel appellations it is, indeed chiefly owing, that drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of strong waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries' shops into rich cordial warehouses, and take drams by way of physic; as the common people make gin serve for meat, drink and clothes. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a dram; and they may be assured, that their Colic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the gin-shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the London Dispensatory, for this very reason expelled the Strong

Water, generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundùm artem.*

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them, as they can never shake off. For the desire of drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as those who are accustomed to take opiates, are obliged to encrease the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situation of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of strong liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland's gin. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer brandy to keep it from her head: but this is sometimes too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish usquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking hartshorn and water: and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night time, that she never lies with-

out a cordial-water bottle by her bedside. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but drops, pepper-mint water, and the cordial draught repeated.

Her very diet must always be made heartening, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of rum. She has a glass of mountain with bitters an hour before dinner to create an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of punch together in the evening; but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made comfortable with more than an equal portion of spirit.

But notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milk-maid's: except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a phlogistic humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt Brandy at snap-dragon,

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

N° 54. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus.———
HOR.

Frolicks, for men of spirit only fit,
Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.

THE noblest exploit of a man of the town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry, is the frolick. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks, that wantonness and debauchery can suggest; and is the distinguishing characteristic of the buck and blood. These facetious gentlemen, whenever champagne has put them in spirits, sally out " flown with insolence and wine" in quest of adventures. At such a time the more harm they do the more they shew their wit; and their frolicks, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The frolick formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gayety: but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The Mohocks and the members of the Hell-Fire-Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated frolicks, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of bucks commonly begin their frolick in a tavern, and end it in the round-house; and during the course of it practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called beating the rounds, that is in

plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses; breaking of lamps and skirmishes with watchmen are very good jests; and the insulting any dull sober fools, that are quietly trudging about their business, or a rape on a modest woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order is an exquisite piece of wit; and in short, a frolick and playing the devil bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots, which should be thrown out of the window; and at another, make a bonfire of their clothes, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the frolick, to lie with the tall woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands of his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last winter that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at Temple stairs, and prudently laid in by way of provisions a cold venison pasty and two bottles of rasberry brandy: but when they imagined themselves just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea-Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent frolicks of these men of humour are carried on in a literary way by advertisements in the news-papers, with which they often amuse the town; and alarm us with bottle conjurers, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with

fictious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the frolick to call together all the wet nurses, that wanted a place; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's coffee-house, where the bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest frolick, that can possibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder; such as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death, and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention: but alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far, and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "it may be sport to you, but it is death to us." For these reasons, a set of these merry

gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world as a troop of banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in Pall-Mall or Covent-Garden, has been treated in a very serious manner at Westminster-Hall or the Old-Bailey. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the counsel for an highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wantonness and frolick. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour: for it is but a few years since, a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a town education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be advisable therefore for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a frolick. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for gaming continues to encrease in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming-table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the

ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent frolick. A frolick is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue: and it is a great pity, that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find that he was fond of a frolick as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a frolick, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit, with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold frolick as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the comical humours of a murder. The frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time; but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Warton by Dr. Swift. "When you are tired of your other frolicks, I would have you take up the frolick of being good; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable frolick you ever practised in your life."

O.

N° 55. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

—— *Nil obstat. Coïs tibi penè videre est*
Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi;
Metiri possis oculo latus. ——
HOR.

The taper leg, slim waist, and lovely side
Nor stays nor envious petticoats shall hide;
But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,
While bucks with wonder view the naked belle.

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called the Adamites, whose doctrine, like that of our present Moravians, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather Adam, to go naked; and the proselytes to this faith came abroad in the public streets in open day-light without any clothing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the Adamites were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution; and some of the converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to Bridewell.

Since that remarkable period the male part of our species have been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of clothes. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces have been long discarded;

and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty in comparison to the project, which it is thought, will be ripe for execution by summer. A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of—EVITES—who are to appear in publick with no other covering than the original fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine, that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may very justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the fall, "They are naked, and are not ashamed." My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time all very busy in making up artificial fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel sword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbands dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver-lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the pompon, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of the fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world: but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear (as Bayes expresses it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh coloured silks with pompons and fig-leaves as usual.

There are perhaps persons who, as they still retain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraor-

dinary or supprising: for, considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no further step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The stays and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude, that the present race of woman must have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive, that they were of common size, and wore by way of dress any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the little modesty that is left in the polite world seems to be among the men; and one is almost tempted to look for the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. I was present a few nights ago at the representation of the Chances; and when I looked round the boxes, and observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the great relish with which they received the high-seasoned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive, that the old story of the outrage of the Romans on the Sabine women would be inverted, and that the ladies would rise up and commit a rape on the men.

But notwithstanding all that may be said against this project for establishing nakedness, it is not without example. Among the Hottentots, a very wise and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and a short apron before instead of a fig-leaf. It is also well known, that the Spartans allowed their unmarried women to wear a sort of loose robe, which at every motion discovered their charms through several openings contrived for that purpose. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole sex; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the malignant insinuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to please

her husband, but to captivate a gallant. It may perhaps be further objected, that our northern climate is too cold to strip in: but this little inconvenience is amply compensated, by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

There is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion. I mean the old and the ugly. Whatever the belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shewn; but if they expose sickly skins furrowed and pursed up like a washer-women's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode I have observed, that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reasonable to conclude, that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful ladies, whom they would desire to take into their arms, stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity, as to be captivated by a lady, who has none of the charms of Eve, except her nakedness.

Some persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counter-work the marriage-act. But as the chief ladies who concerted it are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the beauties to make their superiority incontestible, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain, that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us,

and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On this occasion it is to be hoped, that the practice of painting which is now so very fashionable, will be entirely laid aside: for whoever incrusts herself in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely more elegant for a lady to be covered even with silk and linen, then to be daubed, like an old wall, with plaister and rough-cast.

After this account of the scheme of our modish females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The parliament of women, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon their first meeting, after the preliminaries were adjusted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a committee on the affairs of dress. The fig-leaf bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was brought in by a noble Countess, and occasioned some very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made several remarkable speeches on this occasion: but they were both imagined to speak, like our male patriots, more for their own private interest than for the good of the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted very earnestly on the decency of some sort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspected not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs: and the other, who was impatient to be undressed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The bill, however, was passed by a considerable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midsummer day next ensuing.

W.

N° 56. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modò, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,
Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.
VIRGIL.

Three colours weave in three-fold knots, and cry,
" In three-fold bond this true-love's knot I tye."
As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay,
In which this waxen image melts away,
Thus, God of Love, be my true shepherd's breast
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.
Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring my Daphnis to my arms.

THE idle superstitions of the vulgar are no where so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. Virgil represents Dido, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for Æneas, as going to the priests to have her fortune told. In like manner the lovesick girl runs to the cunning-man, or crosses the gipsy's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the Knave of Hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditations for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation which

another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart before the week is at an end. But if in the course of their amour she gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover, what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The god of Love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshipped with more unaccountable rites than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posey: and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a top-knot, and she perhaps will take pleasure in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would on any account run the risk of cutting love, by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissars. But to wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection.

Some few years ago there was publickly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our news-papers, a most efficacious love-powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. Shakspeare has represented Othello as accused of winning his Desdemona by "conjuration and mighty magic;" and

Theocritus and Virgil have both introduced women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, Talismans, Genii, Witches, Fairies, and all the instruments of magic and enchantment were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

But I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous sorcery till I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's day; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR SIR, FEB. 17, 1755.

You must know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckoo; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found an hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer Eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together: you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word all the time) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back yard, and said to myself, "Hempseed I sow, Hempseed

I hoe, and he that is my true love, come after me and mow." Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift, and turned it, and hung it upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his step) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer men, one for myself, and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together: but I assure you his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards without speaking a word into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at till Christmas day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time come about again, I will certainly do it; and only mind if Mr. Blossom is not the man.

I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lye in a strange bed, I always tye my garter nine times round the bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself, "This knot I knit, this knot I tye, to see my love as he goes by, In his apparel and array, as he walks in every day." I did so last holidays at my uncle's; and to be sure I saw Mr. Blossom draw my curtains, and tuck up the clothes at my bed's feet. Cousin Debby was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of Bride-Cake to put under my pillow; and I had the sweetest dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and afterwards flung the peel over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his surname or

christian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me, because I stuck two of the kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my papa wants me to have: Mr. Blossom's kernel stuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt: and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it, and this was to have the same effect with the bay-leaves. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up, was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man: and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer Eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.

Your humble servant,

T. ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

N° 57. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

Dulce Sodalitium! ———
MARTIAL.

Now this is Worshipful Society! ——
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation, which has a more vague signification than the words "Good Company." People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves; and, like the old Romans, look on all others as Barbarians. Thus a star or a ribband, a title or a place denotes good company; and a man rises in the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surprised to hear polite persons complain at their return from the play, that the house was very much crowded, but that there was no company: though indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's Church to St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with better company.

I propose at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavour to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he

has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

There is a great demand for wit and humour in some parts of this metropolis. Among many he is reckoned the best company, who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and (in Shakspeare's words) " set the table on a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jokers and witlings have wisely devised several mechanical ways of gaining that end. I know one, who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock. Another is accounted a man of immense humour, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is in these societies an indispensable requisite in a good companion. Imitations of the actors and other well known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of taking off. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human species; for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a dog, a cat, a monkey, an ass, and a couple of dancing bears.

I cannot help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs;

and they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly displayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this cast lately shewed me with great joy the postscript of a letter, in which his correspondent promised him huge fun the next time he should see him, for he had got two new stories, and three or four excellent songs from one of the actors.

These are certainly very agreeable methods of passing the evening, and must please all persons, who have any relish for wit and humour. But these powers of entertaining are not every where the standard of good company. There are places in which he is the best company, who drinks most. A boon companion lays it down as a rule, that "talking spoils conversation." A bumper is his argument; and his first care is to promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He shews his esteem for an absent friend by toasting him in a bumper extraordinary; and is frequently so good and loyal a subject, as to drink his majesty's health in half-pints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still keeps the main point in view, and gives a song wrote in so ingenious a style, that it obliges the company to toss off a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks, it is of "healths five fathom deep," or a late hard bout with another set of jolly fellows; and he takes care, by a quick round of toasts, to supply the want of other conversation.

I have ever thought the invention of toasts very useful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and serve as a kind of memorial of every glass that has been drank: They also furnish those with conversation, who have nothing to say; or at least, by banishing all other topics, put the whole

company on a level. Besides all this, three or four rounds of toasts, where many are met together, must unavoidably lift them all into good company. These are no small advantages to society; not to mention the wit and morality contained in many toasts.

Toasts are doubtless very useful and entertaining; but the wisest institution ever made in drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an absolute toast master. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the toast, to observe that every man duly tosses off his bumper, and is in every respect good company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors, and commonly punishes an offender by sconcing him a bumper: that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glass, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of smallbeer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment; for there is hardly any sort of behaviour, which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man sconced for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length sconced dead drunk, and made very good company.

But none of these qualifications abovementioned constitute good company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, but the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and "murdered sleep." This kind of good company is as ridiculous, and more insipid than either the society of witlings or hard

drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards a whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's, and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of assemblies, routs, drums and hurricanes; and without gaming what insipid things are even masquerades and ridottos! At such meetings the man who is good company, plays the game very well, knows more cases than are in Hoyle, and often possesses some particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together, like other companies, with a desire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design upon the pockets of each other: though, indeed it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very good company.

By what has been said, it appears that the notion of good company excludes all useful conversation: which, in either of the abovementioned societies, would undoubtedly be despised as stupid and pedantic. The witlings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it. The boon companions can join nothing but love to a bottle: and among gamesters, it would, like sleep, be mere loss of time, and hindrance of business. Yet an accomplished member of either of these societies is called good company; which is just as proper an expression, as, according to Serjeant Kite, Carolus is good Latin for Queen Anne, or a stout beating. But a set of people, who assemble for no other purpose than to game, have, in particular, so very bad a title to the denomination of good company, that they appear to me to be the very worst.

O.

N° 58. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

Quicunque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, quique alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; prætereà, omnes undique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convicti judiciis, aut pro factis judicium timentes; ad hoc, quos manus atque lingua perjurio et sanguine civili alebat; postremò, omnes, quos flagitium, egestas, conscius animus exagitabat.

SALLUST.

Would you, like Catiline's, an army choose,
Go ransack White's, the taverns, and the stews:
Press every buck and blood, renown'd for drinking,
For wenching, gambling, fighting, and free-thinking.

A Misfortune, which happened to me the other day, sufficiently convinced me of the inconveniences arising from the indiscriminate power lodged in our press-gangs; who pay no more regard to those, who plead protection from the badge of literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not have the reader think, that I was pressed myself:—but my Devil (that is, the messenger of the printing house) was carried off, as he was going with the copy of a Connoisseur to press. Learning appears to me of so much importance, that (in my opinion) the persons of the lowest retainers to it should be sacred from molestation; and it gives me concern, though a very loyal subject, that even a ballad-singer, or the hawker of bloody news, should be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuscript again: for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almost as much consequence to the nation as the fitting out a fleet, the ignorant sailors were so regard-

less of its inestimable contents, that after much inquiry I detected them (with my Devil in conjunction) lighting their pipes with it, at a low alehouse by Puddle-Dock.

This irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some other method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army, without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expense of thought, hit upon a scheme, which will effectually answer that end; and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I would propose, that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a musquet; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob the fields of their husbandmen, or to fetch our soldiers, as the Romans took their dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called country Squires; many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant: and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops

and mounted on their own hunters. They might also be of great use in marauding, or getting in forage; and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger, as they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a pursuit. The greatest danger would be, that if a fox should perchance cross them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the sake of a chace; and we should have them all desert, or (in the language of fox hunters) gone away.

If the country is infested with these useless and obnoxious animals, called Squires, this metropolis is no less over-run with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call town Squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds an Esq. to his name. A very large corps too might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive as it were a sanction for doing nothing at all. With these the several tribes of play-house and coffee-house Critics, and that collective body of them called the Town, may be allowed to rank: And though no great exploits can be expected from these invalids, yet (as they are of no other use whatever) they may at least serve in the army, like Falstaff's men, as "food for powder."

But a very formidable troop might be composed of that part of them, distinguished by the name of Bloods. The fury of their assaults on drawers and watchmen, and the spirit displayed in storming a bagnio, would be of infinite service in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general to have them strictly disciplined; lest they should shoot some of their own comrades, or perhaps run away,

merely for the sake of the joke. Under proper regulations such valiant gentlemen would certainly be of use. I had lately some thoughts of recommending to the justices, to list the bloods among those brave, resolute fellows employed as thief-takers. But they may now serve nobler purposes in the army: And what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in war-like skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

Every one will agree with me, that those men of honour, who make fighting their business, and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his Majesty. What might we not expect from these furious Drawcansirs, if, instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers: for (as Mercutio says) they are already "the very butchers of a silk button." I have known one of these duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the wainscot; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in close engagements: But it will be necessary to keep them in continual action; for otherwise they would breed a kind of civil war among themselves, and, rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

Several Irish brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the French king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men, which are called fortune hunters. The attacks of these dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex; but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants, suitable to their known firmness and

intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

But among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of gamesters. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a musquet, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice box. As to the Sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity which enables them to palm an ace or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the West-Indies; as many of them have already crost the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the plantations.

The last proposal, which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the service. For this purpose I would impress all the members of the Robin Hood Society; and, in consideration of his great merit, I would further advise, that the Clare-Market Orator should be made Chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural state of warfare with each other: nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death: I would, therefore always have the Free-thinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the forlorn hope. For, since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice, that they should be annihilated for the good of their country.

W.

N° 59. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

——— Monstra evenerunt mihi!
Introiit in ædes ater alienus canis!
Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis!
Gallina cecinit! ———

TER.

What unlucky prodigies have befallen us! A strange black dog came into the house! A snake fell from the tiles through the sky-light! An hen crowed!

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN, March 3, 1755.

I WAS greatly entertained with your late reflections on the several branches of magic employed in the affairs of love. I have myself been very lately among the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; and hope you will not be displeased at an account of portents and prognostics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the same cause, as those of your correspondent Miss Arabella Whimsey. You must know, Cousin, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed with her two daughters in nailing a horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened

to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady herself assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the Spectator: and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in a high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that just before uncle

died, Towser howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I over-heard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell like a dead carcass. They had a dairy maid, who died the very week after an herse had stopped at their door in it's way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the West Indies) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware cf my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a bright husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and she hoped it would be from her son in London. We knew, when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out and could not blow it in again, though her sister

did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the black bird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have a hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed, that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling of salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweet-hearts, because she had let her dish water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which her mother observing, charged her not to alter it all the day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics, which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift, as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on the other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head achs, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ach, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckhold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a strange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

T. I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

N° 60. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

——— *Hæc ego mecum*
Compressis agito labris, ubi, quid datur oti,
Illudo Chartis. ———

HOR.

Let not a word escape the lips—but hist—
And think in silence on the rules of Whist.

WHOEVER has had occasion often to pass through Holbourn, must have taken notice of a pastry-cook's shop with the following remarkable inscription over the door; Kidder's Pastry-School. I had the curiosity to inquire into the design of this extraordinary academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheesecakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls from the city, with two or three parsons daughters out of the country intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. Kidder has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality: and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter prentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as to send her to the pastry-school to be instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study; but in this refined age we might sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench thumbing Hoyle's Treatise on Whist, than a

fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

The education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestick economy: and if any school is wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a school for whist. Mr. Hoyle used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures in this science: but as that learned master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable treatise; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest proposition in Euclid. A school for whist would, therefore, be of excellent use; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

There seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken with them to make them talk French, they are yet so ignorant of the English language, that before they come to their teens they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fuzzing the cards, or the most common terms now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would therefore propose, that our demoiselles of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the usual time that the brats of vulgar

people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits: at least, I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What therefore Mr. Locke recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, deuce, tray, &c. as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the chris-cross row: As to the four honours, they will readily learn them by the same method that other children get the names of dogs, horses, &c. by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to complete her education, little miss (when of a proper age) should be sent to the whist school, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the laws of the game, read a Chapter in Hoyle, and be catechised in laying and taking the odds: and in process of time, she may be set to solve any of Hoyle's hardest cases, or any of the propositions in his Doctrine of Chances; for which (as Mr. Hoyle himself tells us) no more knowledge of arithmetick is required, than what is sufficient to reckon the tricks, or score up the game.

All sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out: but I will venture to say, that the science of whist is more complex than even algebra or the mathematics. The Ass's Bridge in Euclid is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of Napier so hard to be unravelled, as many of Hoyle's cases

and propositions: as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one.——A and B are partners against C and D. A and B have scored 3, and want to save their Lurch. C and D are at short can'ye: and consequently both sides play for two points. C has the deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C asks his partner D, who refuses. B has the lead, and runs his strong suit, Spades, two rounds, with Ace and King. A discards his weakest suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his partner. A leads a strong Club, which B refuses. A forces B, who by leading Spades plays into A's hand, who returns a Club, and so they get to a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B finesses the Ten and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B by laying behind C's King and Knave of trumps makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump brings in his thirteenth Club. Consequently A and B get a slam against their Adversaries C and D, and score a single game towards the rubbers.

Since therefore this science is attended with so much difficulty, the necessity of a school for whist is very evident: and if the plan of education, above proposed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce, that young ladies, who can now scarce be trusted at any game beyond one and thirty Bone-Ace, or beat the Knave out of Doors with the maid-servants, would be qualified at twelve years old to make one at any card-table in town; and would even beat their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many a husband, and many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge: and I make no doubt, but several boarding-schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught

Whist, Brag, and all kinds of card-work. How many ladies, for want of such a school, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game, than what is called White-Chapel play! In order therefore to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend it to Mr. Hoyle or some other eminent artist, (in imitation of Messieurs Hart and Dukes, who profess to teach grown-gentlemen to dance) to advertise, that grown Gentlewomen may be taught to play at whist in the most private and expeditious manner; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubber at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W.

N° 61. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ. ———

HOR.

E'en Heav'n we covet by preposterous rules,
And form t'ourselves a paradise of fools.

IT is observed by the French, that a cat, a priest, and an old woman are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuists in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in among us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is in truth rather too full: for a priest

is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron instead of the cassock: every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer, or some other handicraft teacher; and there are almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish-churches.

As to old women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion, pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in worldly undertakings, "carry prayer-books in their pockets," and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at three-score the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of publick diversions, and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country dance: nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

But we might perhaps suffer a few good old ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these sects were not

pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers: Their faith however, it may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the Creator, from the same slavish principle that induces the Indians to worship the Devil. It is amazing how strongly fear operates on these weak creatures, and how easily a canting, whining rascal can mould them to his purpose. I have known many a rich tradesman wheedled and threatened out of his subsistence, and himself and unhappy family at last lectured into the work-house. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to save his soul; and deprive him of all happiness in this world, under pretence of securing it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury than these solemn mockeries of it. Many of these sects consist almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and persons of the most infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence: wherefore, the more abandoned those are, of whom they make proselytes, the more they pride themselves on their conversion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a sudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his shattered fortune. He turned Methodist, and soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fondness for a pious sister. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, sent her sermons instead of *billet-doux*, "greeted her with an holy kiss," and obtained his mistress by appearing in every respect a thorough *devoteè*. But alas! the good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting, after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The lowest of

the vulgar also, for their peculiar ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail themselves of a mock conversion to redeem their lost characters, and, like criminals at Rome, make the church a sanctuary for villainy. By this artifice they recommend themselves to the charity of the weak but well-meaning christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into Methodist families.

Le Sage, with his usual humour, represents Gil Blas as wonderfully charmed with the seeming sanctity of Ambrose de Lamela, when he took him into service: and Gil Blas is even not offended at his remissness, the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions. But it soon appears, that this sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants; but when I see their religion shewing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere Saint Ambrose. An old Moravian aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants, who did not belong to the society of the United Brethren. But so little did the good lady's endeavours to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I would not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration Act; yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of free-thinking: not so shocking indeed, as the impious avowal of atheism

and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all; and what is worst, the unhappy errors of particular sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witlings exercise their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheism and blasphemy in order to avoid bigotry and enthusiasm. The weakness of the sectaries strengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and produce many other evils, as will appear from the following short history.

In the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth there resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady called Religion. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper; which was cheerful without levity, and grave without moroseness. She was also particularly decent in her dress as well as behaviour, and preserved with uncommon mildness the strictest regularity in her family. Though she had a noble genius, and led a very sober life, yet in those days she kept the best company, was greatly admired by the Queen, and was even intimate with most of the maids of honour. What became of her and her family is not known; but it is very certain, that they have at present no connection with the polite world. Some affirm, that the line is extinct; though I have indeed been told, that the late Bishop Berkley and the present Bishops of — and —— are descended from the principal branches of it, and that some few of the family are resident on small livings in the country.

We are told by a certain fashionable author, that there were formerly two men in a mad house at Paris, one of whom imagined himself the Father, and the other the Son. In like manner, no sooner did the good lady Religion disappear, but she was personated by a crazy old beldam called Superstition. But the cheat was instantly discovered; for, instead of the mild disci-

pline, with which her predecessor ruled her family, she governed entirely by severity, racks, wheels, gibbets, sword, fire and faggot. Instead of cheerfulness she introduced gloom, was perpetually crossing herself with holy water, and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanack, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics; which, I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground, where the Foundery, that celebrated Methodist meeting-house, now stands.

Superstition left behind her a son called Atheism, begot on her by a Moravian teacher at one of their Love-Feasts. Atheism soon shewed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable blood. Among his other frolicks he turned author, and is said to have written in concert with lord Bolingbroke. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pimp, and then highwayman; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into Newgate. He behaved very impudently in the condemned hole, abused the Ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow prisoners, in the Newgate phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and shook their heads, repeating the words of Mat in the Beggar's Opera, "Poor fellow! we are sorry for you, but it is what we must all come to."

O.

N° 62. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

—— *Qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos.*

JUV.

What female, though to Papal modes they run,
Would brook the life and manners of a nun?

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the Female Parliament is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a debate, that happened in the Committee of Religion, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a Motion that was made by miss Graveairs. This Committee had long been looked upon as useless, but for form sake continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: but one day, there being more members present than usual, the Chair-woman was no sooner in the chair, than the lady abovementioned addressed her in the following speech.

MADAM,

IT is with no less surprise than concern, that I reflect on the danger, to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and I have the strongest reasons to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely resolutions of this wise assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming Roman Catholicks. What subject can be more interesting and important to us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken

away; we should never be suffered perhaps to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our assembly would be probably the abode of nuns and friars. But lest you should think me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may guard against it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks, that have long been made on the dress of the sex. Constant as the men have styled us to the love of change, little have they imagined, that Popery was invariably the object, to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a Queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from * Pope, for the ladies to wear upon their breasts a flaming Cross. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this but downright Popery? In the Catholic countries they are contented with erecting crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this protestant kingdom crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the play-house: and (pardon me ladies!) this venerable assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect, that this heterodox introduction of the Cross into the female dress had an higher original than the days of Queen Anne, whose affection for the church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the Jesuits, by the popish consorts of the first or second Charles: or perhaps the ladies first wore it in complaisance to the English Pope Joan, Queen Mary. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer Queen Elizabeth expelled the cross from our altars, she effectually

* Upon her breast a sparkling Cross she wore.
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition by the introduction of the Ruff.

The next part of our dress that I shall mention, which savours of popery, is the Capuchin. This garment in truth has a near resemblance to that of the friar, whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the Hood; their daughters by a gradual advance introduced the rest; but far greater improvements were still in store for us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of purple. In purple we glowed from the hat to the shoe; and in such request were the ribbons and silks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself could answer the demand. Who but must think, that this arose from Popish principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired Fanny, who first introduced it, is no nun, yet you may all remember that the Church of Rome herself has been styled the Scarlet, or as some rendered it, the Purple Whore.

But to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to Popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable cloak, which, sorry I am to see it, is wore by the far greater part even of this assembly, and which indeed is with great propriety styled the Cardinal. For were his holiness the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own conclave; and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave attire nothing but a cloyster and a grate was wanting. As to those of gayer colours, you need not be told, that there are white and grey friars abroad, as well as black: and as the English are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not be then surprised at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered too, that some of my sisters

have been so fond of the monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge; but, if it is so, they still condescend to wear artificial locks; though it would be not at all strange, if they also should soon be laid aside, as they are already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I shall only desire you still farther to reflect, how fashionable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces; and then I believe you will readily allow, that their votaries, the men, are in great danger also of being seduced to popery; since do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, address an image and adore a picture?

What has now been said will induce you, I hope, to pay a proper regard to the following Resolutions, which, I humbly move, may be agreed to by this Committee, and represented to the house.

Resolved,

That it is the opinion of this committee, that in order to prevent the growth of Popery, no garments shall for the future be imported, of popish make, or distinguished by popish names.

Resolved,

That in order to inforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practise the austerities of the sect they imitate; so that, for example, the Cardinals shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the Capuchins to go bare-foot.

Lastly,

It is recommended that, as a farther sanction to the bill proposed, every offender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from all routs, and transported to her country seat for seven winters.

This motion was strongly seconded by lady Mend-'em, who urged in it's support, that to her certain knowledge many of the sex very frequently assembled

at one another's houses, and particularly on the Sabbath, where mass books were actually laid before them, and the warmest adoration paid to some Pictures or painted Images, which, she was told, resembled some Kings and Queens that had been long canonized: and the offerings, that were constantly made at their shrines, would (she said) be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed those that were formerly made at the tomb of Thomas à Becket. She added, that after the catholick custom they always fasted on those nights, or, if they supt at all, it was only on Fish.

The chief speaker on the other side of the question was lady Smart, one of the representatives for Grosvenor-square, who by the way was strongly suspected of being a prejudiced person, her enemies not denying that she had charms, which could almost sanctify error itself. Nobody, she said, could suspect the sex of inclining to popery, who observed the aversion they all discovered to a single life. The uses of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at least were innocent; and the cry against them, she was sure, could only be raised by the old and the ugly; since nothing could be so fantastick, as not to become a pretty woman.

Her ladyship was joined by the beauties present; but they being few, their objections were over-ruled, and the motion was carried. The next day the house, on receiving the report, after some debate agreed to the resolutions, and a bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though at the same time they were of opinion, *nem. con.* that, if the Fig-leaf Bill took place, these restrictions would be quite needless.

N° 63. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.
VIRG.

From a long line of grandams draws his blood,
And counts his great great grandsires from the flood.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, Cambridge, April 4.

IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the turf at heart, you must have observed with the utmost concern a late account in the news-papers, that "White-nose died at Doncaster of a mortification in his foot." An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the present races at Newmarket, as funeral games in honour of the memory of White-nose. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all knowing ones in the kingdom: nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to pit the lives of horses, as well as men, against each other.

Italian grey-hounds, Dutch lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs: but a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as White-nose was superior to a pack-horse; and I cannot but think, that an obelisk (with a proper inscription drawn up by Messieurs Heber and Pond) should be erected near Devil's-Ditch or Choak-Jade on Newmarket Heath, in honour to his

memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his powerful deep rate, by which all the horses that ran against him were no where? With what rapture should we then recount his rapid victories in the field, (more surprising than those of the duke of Marlborough) by which he won Tewksbury, won Chipping-Norton, won Lincoln, won York, &c? But, above all, we should admire the noble blood which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illustrious names of his great, great, great, great, grandsires and grandams. There is not the least flaw in the blood of White-nose's family: and his epitaph might conclude, in imitation of that famous one on the duke of Newcastle's monument, "that all the Sons were remarkable stallions, and all the Daughters excellent breeders."

The pedigrees of our race-horses have been always preserved with as much care and exactness, as the Tree of Descent among the family of a Spanish grandee or Polish nobleman: nor does the Welshman derive greater honour from proving himself the fiftieth cousin to Cadwallader or Caractacus through a long lime of David Ap Shenkins, Ap Morgans, Ap Powels, Ap Prices, than the horse by being half brother to the Godolphin Barb, or full cousin by the dam's side to the Bloody-Shoulder'd Arabian. The Romans were no less curious in the breed of their horses, and paid the greatest honours to those that beat the whole Circus hollow. They even erected monuments to their memory, of which Lipsius gives us the following remarkable instance. *Clarissimè lapis vetus, quem Romæ olim vidi et exscripsi. In medio vir est, qui dextrâ baculum sinistrâ pabulum tenet: extrinsecus duo sunt assilientes equi cum geminâ inscriptione*;—Aquilo, Nepos Aquilonis *vicit* cxxx. *secundas tulit* lxxxviii. *tertias tulit* xxxvi.—Altera,—Hirpinus, Nepos Aquilonis *vicit* cxiv. *secundas tulit* lvi. *tertias tulit* xxxvi. *Habes*

itaque ipsum hic Hirpinum, *atque adeò ejus* Avum Aquilonem. I could wish, that the same honours were paid to our horses: I would at least propose, that the names, pedigrees, and a list of the plates won by victorious horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses, where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more complete history of the turf than the Sportsman's Calendar.

You will undoubtedly observe, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horses, with which I have just presented you from Lipsius, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms. "In the middle of the monument stood a man, with a whip in his right hand, and a feed of corn in his left." Hence it appears, that the Romans intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as horses; and it is a pity, that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our Jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the antients, than the horse-race is at present; and the Circus at Rome never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern course. Nor do I see any reason, why Theron should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at Elis or Pisa, than Tom Marshal for winning the plate at York or Newmarket. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry, who value themselves on being excellent coachmen; and it is with infinite pleasure, that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manner of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves,

and ride their own horses, it is probable, that we shall soon see the best Jockies among the first of our nobility.

That the encomiums of the horse should so frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praises of the Jockey, is indeed something wonderful; when we consider how much the beast is under his direction, and that the strength and fleetness of Victorious or Driver would be of no use without the skill and honesty of the rider. Large sums have been lost by a horse running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong side of the post; and We knowing-ones, Mr. Town, have frequently seen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the best horses in the field should be distanced. The Jockey has, indeed, so great a share in the success of the race, that every man, who has ever betted five pounds, is acquainted with his consequence; and does not want to be told, that the victory depends at least as often on the rider as the horse.

I cannot help agreeing with Lady Pentweazle in the farce, that "if there was as much care taken in the breed of the human species, as there is in that of dogs and of horses, we should not have so many puny half-formed animals as we daily see among us:" and every thorough sportsman very well knows, that as much art is required in bringing up a Jockey, as the beast he is to ride. In every respect the same care must be had to keep him in wind, and he must be in like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exercised, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the size of the man as well as horse: for a rider of the same dimensions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the turf as a Jockey, than an aukward thing taken out of the shafts of a dray could ever appear at the starting-post as a race horse. This is obvious to every one; and I could not help smiling at

what my landlord at the White Bear said the other day to a little fellow commoner of St. John's, (who would fain be thought a knowing one) by way of compliment: " my worthy master, said the landlord, it is a thousand pities you should be a gownsman, when you would have made such a special postboy or Jockey."

My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. Town, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the Jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides; and to beg, that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propose, that a stud for the Jockies should be immediately built near the stables at Newmarket; and that their genealogies should be duly registered; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weights, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates: and in a word, the same methods used for the improvement of the Jockies as their horses. I have here sent you the exact pedigree of a famous Jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed; and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

TO RIDE THIS SEASON,

An able Jockey, fit to start for Match, Sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well sized; can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan: His dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims; his Grandam was the German Princess; and his great Grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His Sire won the king's

Plate at York and Hambleton, the Lady's Subscription purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-Take at Lincoln, and the sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick M'Cutt'em over the Curragh of Kildare. His great grandsire, and great great grandsire rode for King Charles the second; and so noble is the blood which flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone.

W

N° 64. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

Canes legatos misere,———
Ut sese eriperent hominum contumeliis.
PHÆDR.

Hounds, pointers, mastiffs, lap-dogs sue for help,
With many a doleful howl, and piteous yelp.

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-house, where I had just been reading the * votes, I found myself on a sudden oppressed with a drowsiness, that seemed to promise me as sound a repose in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire-side. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my eyes, before I fell into the following dream.

Methought the door of my room on a sudden flew open, and admitted a great variety of dogs of all sorts and sizes, from the mastiff to the lap-dog. I was surprised at this appearance; but my amazement

* A bill had been brought into parliament for laying a tax upon dogs.

was much encreased, when I saw a large greyhound advancing towards me, and heard him thus address me in an human voice.

You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived among us. I, for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking him up a hare on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his clothes and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be rouzed on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations, who will swing their last, and against whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough, that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing a hare, as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh: while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

I cannot deny, but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race; who, though they bear our name, may very properly be styled the fribbles of our species. 'Tis true, they

are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our English greyhounds, as their countrymen in the Haymarket are to our English singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I myself have coursed one of them for a hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a Fido in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

Our request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the innocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren; such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time we desire you to apprize the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since, in such a case, the mastiffs and the bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate.

This last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accosted by another of the company, of the pointing-breed.

Little did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without a howl, I have now, like my friend Smoker, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A misfortune I now call it; since alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will be reduced to beggary; since, at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term poaching, his best resource will be to dispatch

himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in the parlour; and I have now a brother, that always points for the best of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

I very heartily second the request of my friend, and I doubt not, but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup, as often as you please, on a brace of birds.

This speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a lap-dog, who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue.

Though I am aware that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account great reason to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. James's Square, but unfortunately was within these three months resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week, that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep's heart, for which she had been to market her-

self. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who by the flatness of their noses are supposed to be of Dutch extraction. If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the female parliament is now sitting, (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour,) as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preservation of lap-dogs.

Various were the arguments, that many others used in their own behalf. The mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and house-breakers. King Charles's black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made use of by a bull-dog from Norfolk; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the county, that he firmly believed they would never part with him; but begged at the same time, that, if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that Spain (where bull-feasts are held in so much honour) might be the place of his transportation.

The eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish; when my own dog on a sudden jumped into my lap, and rouzed me from my dream.

N° 65. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

Nec tamen indignum si vobis cura placendi,
Cùm comptos habeant sæcula nostra Viros.
OVID.

Blame not the belles, since modern times can shew
That ape of female foppery, call'd a beau.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AS no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general; and for my part, when I meet a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's pourtrait delineated on a sign-post to be her majesty's flesh and blood.

But this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to Spanish wool for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at Haddock's, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of it's roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject; and

will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious, that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons: And, indeed, I fear it will be found upon examination, that most of our pretty fellows, who lay on carmine, are painting a rotten post.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
W. MANLY.

Many of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded, that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male foppery: But it is too notorious, that our fine gentlemen, in many other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in japanning his shoes. He has his dressing-room, and (which is still more ridiculous) his toilette too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity of taking a survey of one of these male-toilettes; and, as such a curiosity may perhaps prove entertaining to many of my readers, I shall here give a description of it.

Having occasion one morning to wait on a very pretty fellow, I was desired by the valet de chambre to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was not stirring. I was accordingly shewn into a neat little chamber, hung round with India paper, and adorned

with several little images of pagods and bramins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various-coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the toilette most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, enclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chints. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several; and in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies black sticking plaister: but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of Delescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes: In the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum: Almond-pastes, powder-puffs, hair-combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage: But, among many other whimsies, I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffered to use any exercises, like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used

too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whip-syllabubs, pastry, and face-painting. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

But if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how aukwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more absurd, than to see an huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at Broughton's amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wash? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicatesse*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a figure as Achilles in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential; and in which the least marks of foppery seem as improper, as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a serjeant pleading at the King's Bench in his own hair instead of a night-cap perriwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would shew this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters, in whom, as it is most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

John Hardman is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen, that ever came out of Ireland. Nature, indeed, seems to have intended John himself to carry a chair; but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever cha-

racter he likes best, and he has wisely discovered, that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face and person: He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper base than an hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinctured with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipt in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of Hercules with a distaff.

The Reverend Mr. Jessamy, (who took orders, only because there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the beau-parson. He is, indeed, the most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plumb-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his canonicals, his constant dress is what they call parson's-blue lined with white, a black sattin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings: his pumps are of dog-skin, made by Tull; and it is said, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length being out of all proportion prevented his having an handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for, though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropt behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else he declares he would certainly

go abroad, where he might again resume his laced clothes, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword.

T.

Nº 66. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet. ———
HOR.

Where all, their beauties to full view display'd,
May undisguis'd appear in masquerade.

AMONG the many exotic diversions, that have been transplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment the masquerade. This, as well as the opera, is originally of Italian growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated Heidegger; who on both accounts justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d'Angleterre*.

I have called the masquerade a modest and rational entertainment. As to the first, no one can have the least scruple about it's innocence, if he considers, that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude) it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; be-

cause, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper person. Besides, according to Dryden,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings; which greatly consists in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances, that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar; but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate, to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above six foot high, who came to the masquerade drest like a child in a white frock and leading-strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who officiated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate Fame, and was stuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him; so that he was forced to be conveyed along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman of no less humour very much surprised the company by carrying a thatched house about him; which was so contrived,

that no part of him could be seen, except his face, which was looking out of the casement: But this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found, by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the masquerade, as in the Covent-Garden pantomimes: and I once saw with great delight a gentleman (who personated one of Bayes's recruits) prance a minuet on his hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I have said before, that the masquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the English, though slow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we should attempt to heighten the gusto of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the licence of a foreign carnival. There is something too insipid in our fine gentlemen stalking about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hideous masks: for which reasons it has been judged requisite to contrive a masquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taste. We all remember, when (a few years ago) a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new species of masquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dress: and she herself first set the example, by stripping to the character of Iphigenia undrest for the sacrifice. I must own it is a matter of some surprise to me, (considering the propensity of our modern ladies to get rid of their clothes,) that other Iphigenias did not immediately start up, and that nuns and vestals should be suffered ever after to be seen among the masks. But this project, it seems, was not then sufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain aukward thing, called bashfulness, had not yet been banished

from the female world: and to the present enlightened times was reserved the honour of introducing (however contradictory the term may seem) a naked masquerade.

What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone, will (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion, as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting; where it is proposed to have a masquerade *Al Fresco*, and the whole company are to display all their charms *in puris naturalibus*. The pantheon of the Heathen Gods, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Titian's prints, will supply them with a sufficient variety of undrest characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal: Three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces: And a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of *Venus de Medicis*, the most striking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs: Our beaux may assume the semblance of the beardless Apollo, or (which would be more natural) may admire themselves in the person of Narcissus; and our bucks might act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the maddest freaks, like the priests and priestesses of Bacchus celebrating the Bacchanalian mysteries.

If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but it must) it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament, that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a super-

stitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day; in which they may shew their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a parallel: We have had an instance already of an Eve; and by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who seem to have been the first contrivers of a naked masquerade: and last summer I remember an article in the news-papers, that "several persons of both sexes were assembled naked at Pimlico, and being carried before a magistrate were sent to Bridewell." This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar; and every body will agree with me, that the same act, which at the Green Lamps or Pimlico appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the Haymarket or at Ranelagh.

W

N° 67. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

O imitatores, servum pecus!——
HOR.

Dull imitators! like the servile hack,
Still slowly plodding in the beaten track.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

BAYES in the Rehearsal frequently boasts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he scorns to follow the steps of others; and when he is asked the reason of inserting any absurdity in his play, he answers, because it is new. The poets of the present time run into the contrary error: They are so far from endeavouring to elevate and surprise by any thing original, that their whole business is imitation; and they jingle their bells in the same road with those that went before them, with all the dull exactness of a packhorse.

The generality of our writers wait till a new walk is pointed out to them by some leading genius; when it immediately becomes so hackney'd and beaten, that an author of credit is almost ashamed to appear in it among such bad company. No sooner does one man of parts succeed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thousand dunces. A good elegy makes the little scribblers direct their whole bent to subjects of grief; and, for a whole winter, the press groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of Grub-street with whole reams of histories and adventures, where volume is spun out after volume, without the least wit, humour, or in-

cident. In a word, as Bayes obviated all objections to his nonsense by saying it was new, if a modern writer was asked why he chose any particular manner of writing, he might reply, because it is the fashion.

True genius will not give into such idle extravagant flights of imagination as Bayes; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in disguise; but still it will not confine itself to the narrow track of imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this servile spirit in the authors of the present times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boast a set of eminent writers: And it is worthy observation, that whenever any age has been distinguished by a great number of excellent authors, they have most of them cultivated different branches of poetry from each other. This was the case in the age of Augustus, as appears from the works of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. And to come down as late as possible, this is evident from our last famous set of authors, who flourished in the beginning of this century. We admire Swift, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Addison, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties, separate and distinguished from the rest.

These loose thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deserves the attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publish a volume of miscellanies; and contains all that original spirit, which it so elegantly recommends.

TO * * * *

Since now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muse by imitation:
For copies shew, howe'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.
—— But imitation's all the mode ——
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Observes how easy Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slip-shod Muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a —— dash that must offend us,
And much * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *Hiatus non deflendus.*
O Swift! how wouldst thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This Milton for his plan will chuse;
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?
Milton like thunder rolls along
In all the majesty of song;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep:

Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously ye trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, say whence can it proceed?
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed.
But all their labours are in vain;
And wherefore so? The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, choose
To wooe the gentle Spenser's Muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
On allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimzy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong muse takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights:
Till allegory, Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word, against the times.
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,

And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In imitation's dangerous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O Brown,* shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with Tobacco-Leaf for bays;
And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a Piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

N° 68. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

——— *Nunc et campus, et areæ,*
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ.
HOR.

Now Venus in Vauxhall her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the music of the spheres:
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
" Young Jockey is the lad, the lad for me."

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at Christmas; nor do I know any genteel amusement, except gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contribute to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the several public gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious Connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cuper's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary

supply of gunpowder, to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and catherine wheels: And it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will assist the British navy; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape-Breton, we shall gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they, who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls as well as the quality. Perrot's inimitable grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your sixpence at Jenny's Whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fiddler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brew'd, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village ale-house?

Our northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our insides against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire-works.

Poor Mr. John sees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money devoured in tarts and cheesecakes by Mrs. Housekeeper or Mrs. Lady's Own Woman; and the substantial cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that past.

After some talk,—'Come, come,' (said the old don) 'it is high time, I think, to go to supper.' To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, 'Do let us have a chick, papa.' 'Zounds' (said the father) 'they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.' Here the old lady took him up—'You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?' This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise: Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, 'how much there was of it.' 'A shilling's worth, Sir,' said the fellow.—'Prithee,' said

the don, ‘ how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—At a shilling per ounce, that is, sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece.” The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—“ There goes two-pence—there goes three-pence—there goes a groat.—Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom-tit.”

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham: At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. “ I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.” Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—“ Why now” (says he) “ to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.” A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request

of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, 'that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook's.'

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—'We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.' 'Well, well,' says the don, 'that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—— 'Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or'—'No, no, none of your wishy-washy outlandish rot-gut for me:' interrupted the citizen.——'A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: And d'ye hear? let it be good.'

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, 'because' (she said) 'it was ungenteel to smoke, where any ladies were in company.' When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'the bottom has had a good kick.—And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking with his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a

glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter 'to pick out an honest one.'

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves by making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: The eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary:* Little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: And the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing, seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared 'it was pretty reasonable considering.'

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings;

which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter,—'There,' says he, 'there's your damage—thirteen and two-pence——And hearkye, there's three-pence over for yourself.' The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it—'This,' says he, 'will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco.'

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: And as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, 'When shall we come again, papa?' 'Come again?' (said he) 'What a pox would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me above four-pence half-penny to have spent my evening at Sot's Hole: and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.'—'Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,' replies the old lady. 'You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure: and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a

little of the world;—and they shall.' The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying,—'Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again; and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday.'

W

N° 69. THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

TIBULL.

Behold a train of female wits aspire,
With men to mingle in the Muses' quire.

In a visit which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surprised by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately published under the title of "Poems by Eminent Ladies." These volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) "the most solid compliment, that can possibly be paid to the fair sex." I never imagined, that our nation could boast so many excellent poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country,) as were here collected together: And it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compositions of these ladies, which cannot be surpassed (I had almost said, equalled) by the most celebrated of our male-writers.

The pleasure, which I received from reading these

poems, made such an impression on my mind, that at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following dream. I was transported, I know not how, to the regions of Parnassus; and found myself in the court of Apollo, surrounded by a great number of our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost importance was then depending; and the debate was, whether the English ladies, who had distinguished themselves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the same rank, and have the same honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not permitted to plead in their own suit, Juvenal was retained on the side of the male poets, and Sappho undertook the defence of the other sex. The Roman satirist, in his speech at the bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general, and particularly exclaimed against their dabbling in literature: But when Sappho came to set forth the pretensions, which the ladies justly had to poetry, and especially in love affairs, Apollo could no longer resist the importunity of the Muses in favour of their own sex. He therefore decreed, that all those females, who thought themselves able to manage Pegasus, should immediately shew their skill and dexterity in riding him.

Pegasus was accordingly brought out of the stable, and the Muses furnished him with a side-saddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount: but as a great dispute arose among some of the competitors about precedency, (each of them claiming a right to ride first,) it was at length agreed, that they should get into the saddle according to seniority.

Upon this a lady advanced; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet she had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old-fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with

bugles and points; such as was worn in the time of king Charles the First. This lady, I was informed, was the Duchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility; and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakspeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The Duchess, with a most pleasing air, immediately began—

* Dull melancholy————
She'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else, but noise which discord makes;
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls, that fly i'th'night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very much chagrined; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts

* Poems by Eminent Ladies. Vol. II. page 200.

in his L'Allegro and Il Penseroso to this lady's * Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.

The celebrated Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and applauses of the lords Roscommon and Orrery, Cowley, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress was simple, though of a very elegant make: it had no profuse ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and fashion of the present age. Though she never ventured beyond a canter or a hand-gallop, she made Pegasus do his paces with so much ease and exactness, that Waller himself owned he could never bring him under so much command. After her Mrs. Killigrew, assisted by Dryden, and several other ladies of that age took their turns to ride: and every one agreed, that (making some allowances for their sex) they could not be excelled by the most experienced riders among the men.

A bold masculine figure now pushed forward in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her, that she appeared to be half undrest. When she came up to Pegasus, she clapped her hand upon the side-saddle, and with a spring leaped across it, saying she should never ride him but astride. She made the poor beast frisk, and caper, and curvet, and play a thousand tricks; while she herself was quite unconcerned, though she shewed her legs at every motion of the horse, and many of the Muses turned their heads aside blushing. Thalia, indeed, was a good deal pleased with her frolicks; and Erato declared, that next to her favourite Sappho she should always prefer this lady. Upon enquiring her name, I found her to be the free-spirited Mrs. Behn. When she was to dis-

* Poems by Eminent Ladies. Vol. II. page 190.
N. B. This lady, it is supposed, wrote before Milton.

mount, Lord Rochester came up, and caught her in his arms; and repeating part of her * Ode to Desire,

—— To a myrtle bower
He led her nothing loth.——
MILTON.

I had now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards Pegasus. Among the re could not but wonder at the astonishing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. Leapor of Brackley guided the horse, though she had not the least assistance from any body. Mrs. Barber of Ireland was assisted in getting upon the saddle by Swift himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily: notwithstanding which some declared, that she was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. Grierson.

Another lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to Pegasus; and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage Pegasus as any of the females, who had tried before her. Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions Mrs. Pilkington, I had

* Poems by Eminent Ladies. Vol. I. Page 167.

the curiosity to take a nearer view of her; when stepping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous slap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time, that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow.

W.

Nº 70. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

— Causam banc justam esse in animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.

TER.

Write correspondents, write, whene'er you will;
'Twill save me trouble, and my paper fill.

MY publisher having acquainted me, that he intends to close the volume with this number, I shall take the opportunity to throw together several letters, which I have received in the course of this work, and to balance with all my correspondents; at the same time assuring them, that I should be very glad to open a fresh account with them in my next volume.*

In the infancy of this undertaking I was honoured with a very kind billet from a brother of the quill; the terms of which I am sorry it was not in my power to comply with. It was as follows.

DEAR SIR,

I can be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftner if you choose it. As a specimen of my powers, I have sent you an essay, which is at your service. It is short, but a very good one. Yours at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Please to send by the bearer a guinea.

* This alludes to the division of volumes in the second edition of this work.

The contents of the postscript I naturally referred to the consideration of my publisher, who consequently had a right to determine on the goodness of my friend's essay; but, whatever was the reason, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookseller and author is, indeed, of very great service, especially to the latter: for though I myself must undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it must be confessed, that the most famous wits have owed their support to this pecuniary intercourse. Meat and drink, and the other conveniences of life, are as necessary to an author as pen, ink and paper: and I remember to have seen in the possession of Mr. Tonson a curious manuscript of the great Dryden himself, wherein he petitions his bookseller to advance a sum of money to his taylor.

The next letter comes likewise from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity; I mean, the custom of giving money to servants.

Dear Mr. Town,

I have been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleased to patronize a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuses have spirit, you know, far beyond our pockets: and (besides the extraordinary expence of new clothes to appear decent) I assure you I have laid out every farthing, that I ever received from his lordship's bounty, in tips to his servants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gauntlet through a long line of powdered pick-pockets; and could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumstance, that I should be obliged to give money to a fellow, who was dressed much finer than myself. In such a case, I am apt to consider the showy waiscoat of a foppish footman or butler out of

livery, as laced down with the shillings and half-crowns of the guests.

I would therefore beg of you, Mr. Town, to recommend the poor author's case to the consideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly praying, that they would be pleased to let us go scot-free as well as the clergy: For though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to consider that we must afterwards pay so dear for our ordinary.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JEFFERY BAREBONES.

By some of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the censure, not only of the free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodists, and other numerous sectaries, which have lately started up in opposition to our established religion. The following letter, occasioned by my sixty-first number, bears about it so many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his style smells so much of the craft) is undoubtedly some inspired shoemaker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have therefore printed it without any alteration, except in the spelling.

MR. CONNOISSEUR.

SIR,

I have taken the pains as usual to read your paper; and as you receive letters, I thought proper among the rest to send one also, to let you know, that I did not know that a cat was capable of constituting a religious society before. A priest may, 'tis true; and so may another rational creature, and perhaps an old woman also. But, Sir, you argue, that what a French fool or lunatic says on this head, is true; but you make more out, I observe, from the old woman and the leathern apron, than

you do of the cat. For, if old women will, or do constitute a religious society, I understand from the foundation you seem to argue, that you are as much an old woman as they. For to argue or reason from an old woman's story, and for all your learning, and policy, and cunningness, and judgment you seem to have, you have but little of yourself: and as you seem to ridicule religion, and compare it to atheism or lunacy, I would beg the favour to know, Sir, what religion you are of: but by your talk I fear you are of none at all.

This new doctrine, Sir, that you revile, is the real gospel, which you will find so, if you hear it, and compare it with the scriptures, if you believe any scripture at all. For you say, Sir, that the most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons instead of cassocks. Well, and suppose it is: you acknowledge it is received by well disposed people: and if it is, then it is plain, as you ridicule it, you are not one of these well disposed. But, Sir, this new doctrine, as you call it, is not only propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons, by barbers, bricklayers, and the like, but by many of the clergy now in the established church: and if you often went to hear them, but not as a critic to carp at what is there spoken, you would understand more what this new doctrine meant, and whether it drives men to enthusiasm, and the like, or no.

Sir, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not say any thing about or against; for perhaps it is too true. But, Sir, I would advise you to know a little more of religion experimentally for yourself, before you pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are informed, that there will be a mad-house built on the ground where the Foundry stands, or the Methodists' Meeting-house, as you call it, perhaps there may

be as many criticising lunatics in it, as religious ones; and very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care you don't bother your brains too much about other people's affairs: lest I should have the pain, not the pleasure, of seeing you there.

I have just given you a sketch of the ridiculing the new doctrine, and wish you could find some better employ, if so be it was with a leathern apron before you; for I think it would become you better than this point does. Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom with you, as others must yours with them.

Your humble servant,

WISH NO HARM.

The last letter, which I shall add, comes from an unknown correspondent, who has already obliged me more than once, if I may judge from the hand writing.

SIR,

SOME time ago you archly remarked, that there was not one woman left, but that the whole sex was elevated into ladies. You might at the same time have taken notice of the wonderful increase among the other sex in the order of gentlemen.

Besides those, who are universally acknowledged of this rank from their birth and situation in life, the courtesy of England also entitles all persons, who carry arms, to that dignity: so that his Majesty's three regiments of guards are composed entirely of gentlemen: and every priggish fellow, who can clap a queüe to his peruke, and hang a sword awkwardly dangling by his side, from thence assumes the importance as well as name of a gentleman. Idleness and ignorance being too often the disgrace of those, who are gentlemen born and bred, many invest themselves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the

pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their son from being bound 'prentice, or if the idle rascal has shewn his indentures a light pair of heels, in either case Tom is of no trade, and consequently a gentleman. I know at this time a man, who came from Ireland last summer with an hayfork, but before winter raised himself to the rank of a gentleman: and every day I go to Windmill-street, I see a very honourable gentleman betting large sums of money, whom I formerly remember Marker of the Tennis court. Add to this, that all attorneys' clerks, 'prentices, and the like, are gentlemen every evening; and the citizen, (who drudges all the rest of the week behind the counter,) every Sunday, together with his laced waistcoat and ruffles, puts on the gentleman. Every author, Mr. Town, is a gentleman, if not an esquire, by his profession; and all the players, from King Richard to the Lieutenant of the Tower, are gentlemen.

The body of gentlemen is still more numerous; but I have not leisure at present to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them: I shall only observe, that many of the above-mentioned members of this order die with the same reputation that they lived, and go out of the world like Squire Maclean, or Gentleman Harry.

Your humble servant, &c.

*** Before I dismiss this new edition of my works, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind readers for their candid reception of these Papers, as they were separately published: Though I cannot but be sensible, that either through haste, inadvertence, or other avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many faults; from which I have endeavoured to clear them as much as possible in their present form. Mr. Faulkner of Dublin is very welcome, therefore, to his Irish edition, printed *literatim* from my folio; and in

which, I dare say, the very errors of the press are most religiously preserved.

I cannot but regret, indeed, that there is still wanting one principal ornament to these little volumes; I mean, the dedication. Not that there are wanting persons highly deserving of all the praises, which the most obsequious and most devoted author could possibly lavish on them: for in all ages, and in all nations, these have always abounded. Latin authors, for example, have never failed to pay their compliments to the illustrious family of the Issimi; such as the *laudatissimi*, the *eminentissimi*, the *commendatissimi*, the *famigeratissimi*, the *doctissimi*, the *nobilissimi*, &c. and among our own writers no less respect has been shewn to the numerous race of the most famous, the most ingenious, the most learned, the most eminent, &c. It is but justice, that those who offer the incense should "live by the altar:" Yet, notwithstanding I gave notice to any rich citizen, nobleman, or others, that my dedication should be disposed of to the best bidder, I have received no overtures on that head. In the city this course of exchange has not yet been established; and among people of quality, the market has been over-stocked, and flattery is become a mere drug; while some of them, who have taken up the trade themselves, have, perhaps, considered me as a rival or interloper in the business.

It remains only, to give an account of the authors concerned in this work. I am sorry that I do not know the names of any of the volunteers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to those, who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various sconjectures have been formed about them. Some are ure, that the papers signed T are written by Mr. Such an one,—because it is the first letter of his name; and others, by another,—because it is not: O is the mark of the Honourable ——, or Lord ——;

they know it by the style: And W must be the work of a certain famous wit, and no other:—*Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus.* But to put this matter out of all doubt, and to satisfy the curiosity of my readers, all I am at liberty at present to divulge is, that none of the papers (to my knowledge) were written by the Honourable —, or Lord ——, or ——, Esquire; but that those which are marked with a T, and those with an O, and those with a W, (as well as those which hereafter may perhaps be signed N,) are furnished by the ingenious and learned gentleman, who has subscribed his name to this paper.

T, O, W, N.

N° 71. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpe jocoso.

HOR.

I write, as I would talk; am short, and clear;
Not clog'd with words, that load the wearied ear:
A grave, dull, essay now and then goes down;
But folks expect to laugh with Mr. Town.

AMONG the several degrees of authors, there are none perhaps, who have more obstacles to surmount at their setting out, than the writers of periodical essays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; that all the proper subjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impossible

to find out a new field for observation, as to discover a new world. With these prejudices the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the stale repetition of the same fare, though tossed up in a different manner, they sit down with but little relish for the entertainment.

That the Spectator first led the way, must undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers must for that reason be always supposed to tread in his steps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are several extensive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may strike into, without the necessity of keeping the same beaten track with those that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually present themselves; and even the same characters will appear different by being differently disposed, as in the same pack of cards, though ever so often shuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myself in speaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And first, whatever objections the reader may have had to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner, in which I have chose to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleased to call) colloquial barbarisms, has induced some unskilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination. The English language is sufficiently copious and expressive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompously ushered

in: as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such, as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the Spectator is inimitable; nor could I hope to say any thing new upon these topics after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroseness of a philosopher. I have rather chose to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced, that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are some points in the course of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more serious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of exposing the absurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthusiasts. The Enthusiast is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; because the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conscious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himself into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is opposed, the more he considers himself as "patiently suffering for the truth's sake." Ignorance is too stubborn to yield to conviction; and on the other

hand those, whom "a little learning has made mad," are too proud and self-sufficient to hearken to the sober voice of reason. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out superstition, by making it's followers ashamed of themselves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boasted weapons of ridicule against them; and as they themselves endeavour to banter others out of every serious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the psalmist) should "laugh them to scorn, and have them in derision."

It is with infinite pleasure, that I find myself so much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin with no less pleasure informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the folio edition, he intends to collect them into two pocket volumes. The reader cannot conceive, how much I already pride myself on the charming figure, which my works will make in this new form: and I shall endeavour to render these volumes as complete as I possibly can, by several considerable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the small space of a twelves volume, I still hope to maintain my former dignity; like the devils in Milton's Pandæmonium,

——— To smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large.

The Spectator has very elegantly compared his single papers, as they came out, to "cherries on a stick," of the dearness of which the purchasers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taste with choice fruit at it's earliest production. I have considered my own papers as so many flowers, which joined together would make up a pretty nosegay; and though each of them, singly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by a happy union of their sweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has sometimes put my scholarship to a stand, I could by no means dispense with: for such is the prevalence of custom, that the most finished essay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a nose. But custom has imposed upon us a new task, of giving translations to these mottos; and it has been the usual method to copy them promiscuously from Dryden or Francis: though (as Denham has remarked of translation in general) "the spirit of the original is evaporated in the transfusion, and nothing is left behind but a mere *caput mortuum*." A motto, as it stands in the original, may be very apposite to the subject of the essay, though nothing to the purpose in the common translation; and it frequently derives all it's elegance from an humorous application, in a different sense to what it bears in the author, but of which not the least trace can appear in the version. For this reason I have determined to give entire new translations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the present times. And these, I flatter myself, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as some of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque allusions to modern manners. In this dress they will at least appear more of a piece with the essays themselves; and not like the patch-work of random translations.

In the mean time I shall only add, that if any nobleman, gentleman, or rich citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of these volumes, he is desired to send in proposals, together with a list of his virtues and good qualities, to the publisher; and the dedications shall be disposed of to the best bidder.

*** None but principals will be treated with.

T.

N° 72. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

—— *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*
HOR.

What though our songs to wit have no pretence,
The fiddle-stick shall scrape them into sense.

THE managers of our public gardens, willing to make their summer diversions as complete as possible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of music, but are also at much expense to amuse us with the old English entertainment of ballad-singing. For this end they not only retain the best voices that can be procured, but each of them also has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a stated salary, and the run of the gardens. The productions of these petty laureats naturally come within my notice as critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myself in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the songs as to the cascade, the fireworks, or Miss Isabella Wilkinson.

Ballads seem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a species of composition, in which we are superior to all other nations. Many of our old English songs have in them an affecting simplicity; and it is remarkable, that our best writers have not been ashamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roscommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many others, have left behind them very elegant ballads: but it must be confessed, to the honour of the present age, that it was reserved for our modern

writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical, as a carpenter or a black-smith.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, describes a machine to write books in all arts and sciences: I have also read of a mill to make verses; and remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: Inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub-street or others are ambitious to enlist themselves as hackney sonnetteers, are desired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern song-writers: a set of geniuses excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of water-poet.

I must beg leave positively to contradict any reports, insinuating that our ballad-makers are in possession of such a machine, mill, or table as above-mentioned; and believe it to be equally false, that it is their practice to hustle certain quaint terms and phrases together in a hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been asserted on some just ground, that their productions are totally void of sense and expression, that they have little rhyme and less reason, and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonsensical rhapsodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taste, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumstance, which I, who am professedly a Connoisseur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all composers of music, that nothing is so melodious as

nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and sub-divisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reason, thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern song; which it is the business of the singer to warble into sentiment.

Our ballad-makers for the most part slide into the familiar style, and affect that easy manner of writing, which (according to Wycherly) is easily written. Seeing the dangerous consequence of meaning, in words adapted to music, they are very frugal of sentiment: and indeed they husband it so well, that the same thoughts are adapted to every song. The only variation requisite in twenty ballads is, that the last line of the stanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole song consists; and the author, whether he shall die if he has not the lass of the mill, or deserves to be reckon'd an ass, turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a similar sound, and every verse jingles to the same word, with all the agreeable variety of a set of bells eternally ringing the same peal.

The authors of love-songs formerly wasted a great deal of poetry in illustrating their own passion and the beauty of their mistress; but our modern poets content themselves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of these rhymers than a mistress with an hard name: such a misfortune sends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, sciences, and languages for correspondent terms; and after all perhaps the name is so harsh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verse, as the celebraters of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in Queen Anne's wars. Valentine in Love for Love, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get

the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our ballad-makers, and which, if properly made use of, would be of as much service to them as Byshe's Art of Poetry.

Fearing lest this method of song-writing should one day grow obsolete, in order to preserve to posterity some idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a specimen of the modern manner. I must however be ingenuous enough to confess, that I can claim no farther merit in this elegant piece than that of compiler. It is a cento from our most celebrated new songs; from which I have carefully culled all the sweetest flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different songs set to different tunes, I would humbly propose, that this curious performance should be sung jointly by all the best voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man sings his own tune. I had once some thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the song, whence it is taken, was first sung. But I shall spare myself that trouble, by desiring the reader to look on the whole piece, as arising from a coalition of our most eminent song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells: assuring him, that this short dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expression from the Fine Lady in Lethe) the *quinsetence* and *emptity* of all our modern songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Sus. Ah! whither so fast would my Corydon go?
Step in, you've nothing else to do.
Cor. They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no;
So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.
Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
Sus. O fye, shepherd, fye, shepherd, fye.

Cor. Tho' you bid me begone back again,
Yet, Sukey, no matter for that.
The women love kissing as well as the men.
Sus. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;
Upon my word he did.
Cor. I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.
Sus. Very fine! very pretty indeed!

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church let us go;
No more let your answer be no.
Sus. The deuce sure is in him to plague a maid so:
I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
Who bill like the sparrow and dove.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
Sure this is mutual love.
T.

N° 73. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

——— *Secernere sacra profanis.*
HOR.

Wherever God erects an house of pray'r,
The devil always has a chapel there.
DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Westminster-Abbey, among the many ostentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help observing a little stone, on which was this pompous inscription—*Eternæ memoriæ sacrum*—Sacred to the eternal memory of ——. The name of the person to whom immortality was thus secured, is almost obliterated; and perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and soon forgot by the small circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been used to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is set down a long catalogue of virtues, that nobody knew they were possessed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of these posthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly suspected, as we are generally told, that the disconsolate widow, or weeping son, erected the monument in testimony of their affliction for the loss of the kindest husband, or most affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's decease, would refuse to set her hand to it on his tombstone, that he was the best of husbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? or what heir would be so base and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words

to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his estate?

By the extravagant praises, which are indiscriminately lavished on the ashes of every person alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and justice to the virtuous and the good. But by the present practice the reputations of men are equally confounded with their dust in the grave, where there is no distinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed searchers to inquire, when any one dies, into the cause of his death: in the same manner I could wish, that searchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-stone.

The flatteries, that are paid to the deceased, are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their survivors, which is the same among the lowest as the highest set of people. When an obscure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Islington, the news-papers are stuffed with the same parade of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overseer of a little hamlet has a painted board stuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a distich setting forth the godliness of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who reposes under a grand mausoleum erected to his memory, with a long list of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to separate themselves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their ashes deposited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the most superb monuments: but the false pomp of the monument, as well as the gross flattery of the inscription, often tends only to make the deceased ridiculous. In my late visit to Westminster-Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of taste, which has prevailed in setting up

these edifices for the dead. In former times, it was thought sufficient to clap up the bust or statue of the deceased, set round perhaps with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or station of life. Thus if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was spread along at full length in a complete suit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him; and the bishop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head resting on a stone bible, and his hands joined together in the posture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philosophers could revive again, and be admitted into Westminster-Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himself in a pantheon. The modern taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the Virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of the heathen theology to strike out new embellishments for our Christian monuments. We are not in the least surprised to see Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules supporting that of a warrior. If there is not a stop put to this taste, we may soon expect to see our churches, instead of being dedicated to the service of religion, set apart for the reception of the heathen gods. A deceased admiral will be represented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a shell by Dolphins, preceded by Tritons, and followed by Nereids lashing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing an helmet and spear in polished stone; and a celebrated toast will be stuck up naked, like the *Venus de Medicis*, cut in alabaster. Our pious forefathers were content with exhibiting to us the usual emblems of death, the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross-marrow-

bones. These emblems, if not very elegant, were at least not indecent: but now the Three Fatal Sisters, mentioned in the heathen mythology, must be introduced spinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the last century see a winged figure blowing a trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to mistake it for an archangel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, "when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise." But the design, we are told, is very different; and this winged messenger is no other than the ancient personage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a separate place, distinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wish to see such a scheme put in execution: for the present absurd mixture of the several objects of Pagan and Christian belief, as represented on the tombs lately set up in compliance with the modern taste, must be shocking to every serious beholder. Should any one propose to take down from St. Paul's cathedral those paintings of Sir James Thornhill representing the transactions of St. Paul, and in their place to set up Titian's pictures of the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, every one would be shocked at the impiety of the proposal. But the fashion of introducing heathen deities into our monuments is not much less absurd: and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent allusions to the heathen theology in his sacred poem, surely we are more to be condemned, for admitting the whole class of their fictitious deities into the house of God itself. A reformation in this point is no less necessary, than from the Popish superstitions; and these prophane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be set up in

the Temple of the Living Lord, than those of the canonized saints of the Roman Catholics.

Modern taste is continually striking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our statuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhausted all the subjects of the Grecian and Roman mythology, we shall have recourse to the superstitions of other nations for the designs of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Ægyptian hieroglyphics, and the tomb of some future hero may be built according to the model of the prophet's tomb at Mecca. It is not to be doubted, but that the Chinese taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find it's way into our churches: and how elegant must a monument appear, which is erected in the Chinese taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, pagods, and mandarins!

O

N° 74. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

——— *Non ita Romuli*
Prescriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.
HOR.

Rome boasts her sons, a race of stubborn fools,
To virtue train'd by grey-beard Cato's rules:
Such rigid pride our modest youth disclaim,
Great in their crimes, and glorious in their shame.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the fashion of drawing invidious parallels be-

tween the present times and the past. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the present ministry. and reminds you with a sigh of the golden days of Queen Bess: while, in matters of less consequence, the critic shakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerstaff. But the moralists are above all others devoted to this practice. These wise gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and condemning what lies immediately before them by retrospect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have scarce more words in their mouths, than the solemn sentences said to be delivered by Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, Time is—Time was—Time is past.

No comparisons of this sort are so frequently repeated, and so much insisted on, as those drawn between the ancients and moderns. If an eloquent member of the House of Commons is cruelly suspected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demosthenes. If a gentleman, or perhaps a nobleman, with an heavy mortgage upon his estate, disencumbers it by selling his interest at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not ashamed to follow the plough tail, and another, who could refuse large bribes, and content himself with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate slip, she is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other school-boy tales of honour and chastity. In a word, there is not one fashionable frailty, but has some stubborn antiquated virtue set in opposition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with destruction, for it's degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midst of all these severe reflections, it gives me infinite pleasure, that I can with justice take notice of the incontestible superiority of the moderns in point of modesty. The arrogance of the ancients was so remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect cha-

racter, they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a strict observance of all the duties of life: and if some old Romans had been styled gods while living, it would not have been such gross flattery as was afterwards practised in honouring the emperors with an Apotheosis. Their inflexible honesty was their perpetual boast, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a perfect character among the ancients naturally urged them to lift themselves to an invidious superiority above the rest of the world: while the modest moderns, by taking all the vices, instead of the virtues, into their notion of a fine gentleman, endeavour to let themselves down to a level with the lowest of their species, and have laid the surest foundation for humility. Fine gentlemen are so far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing, which gives them the least reason to be so: and our fine ladies have none of the disgusting haughtiness of virtue, though, indeed, they are seldom known to be ashamed.

It is impossible to devise any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might possibly conceive of himself, that has not been put in practice. No fine gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in taverns, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios: and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a fine gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteely, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications, which nobody can ever suspect, that a mind, the least given to ambition, would ever labour to acquire. For my part I am so far from agreeing with our satirist,

that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our fine gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful. Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying-glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to lose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled: this practice I daily expect to be revived; for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not despair of seeing the time, when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far, that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenuous in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults, which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow, who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's Champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am

well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman, who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his laundress. He sometimes laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has more than once been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world, which composes the order of fine ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the fine gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe, with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely, and encourage double meanings in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently mere

hypocrisy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modest; and many a coquet has lost her reputation without losing her virtue. I make no doubt, but that several ladies of suspicious characters are not so bad as they seem, and that there are honourable persons among the gayest of our women of quality.

To return whence I set out, the extraordinary modesty of the moderns, so averse to the arrogant pride of the ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatsoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at least the appearance of vice, becomes absolutely requisite to pass through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of spirit. As Sir John Brute says, "they were sneaking dogs, and afraid of being damned in those days;" but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To secure the nobility, gentry, and others from so shocking an imputation, a friend of mine will speedily present the world with a curious piece, compiled from the practice and principles of the present times, entitled, A New Treatise on Ethics; or, a System of Immoral Philosophy. In this work he has treated at large of modern modesty, shewn the excellence and utility of immorality, and considered drinking, whoring, fighting, and gaming, as the four cardinal vices, or in other words, the principal constituents of bucks, bloods, and fine gentlemen.

O

N° 75. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

N.n tu corpus eras sine pectore.—
HOR.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in a human shape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as a handsome person recommends us to the good graces of the fair sex. It may be further observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper; and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a morose churlishness of manners, than at a hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it: and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called old maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned, as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than a Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwise than beautiful or charming. Yet it is the duty even of those, who are naturally

endowed "with the soft parts of conversation," to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition: for we should no more esteem a man, who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty, who was an intolerable slattern. Nor, on the other hand, should they let their good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite even in those few, who are blest with this native complacency and good humour, how necessary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpose it would be fully sufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily used to set off their persons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and essence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered suits and French perukes, but this anxiety to supply any personal defect has set the invention of artificers to work with so much earnestness, that there is scarce any external blemish, which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their assistance be made a model for a statuary, or a pattern for a painter to study. If you want an inch in height, your shoemaker can supply it; and your hosier can furnish you with a pair of calves, that may put an Irishman to the blush. An irregularity in your shape can be made invisible by your taylor, or at least by the artist near the Haymarket, who daily gives notice, that he makes steel stays for all those, who are inclined to be crooked. There are various beautifying lotions and cosmetics, that will cure spots and freckles

in the complexion, and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the finest brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant socket with as bright a piercer, as the family of the Pentweazels can boast. Or is your mouth deficient for want of teeth? Paul Jullion (to use his own phrase) will rectify your head, and will fix a set in your gums as even and as white, as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-sweeper. These, and many other inventions no less curious and extraordinary, have been devised; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been submitted to with patience to conquer personal deformities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broke a second time, because it had been set awry; and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the application of repelling plaisters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be destroyed. I most heartily wish the same resolution was discovered in improving the disposition. Tully in that part of his Offices, where he speaks of grace, tells us, "that it is destroyed by any violent perturbations either of the body or mind." It is a pity, that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; since it is likely, they would spare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their persons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worse figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruke; and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a smart cocked hat; that anger sits like a blood-shot in the eyes, while good-nature lights them up with smiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced, that we want this social turn, is the grand reason, that so little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be persuaded of any irregularity in his tem-

per, he would find the blemishes of the mind more easily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body: but alas! every man is in his own opinion sensible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, possible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an awkward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by washes and a dancing-master; but when the mind is accused, self-adulation, the most fatal species of flattery, makes us cajole ourselves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own disposition, but in that of our companions; as the mad inhabitants of Moor-fields conclude all, that come to visit them, out of their senses. This foolish flattery it is, that makes us think ourselves inflexibly in the right, while we are obstinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice; and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinacy of the rest of the world. A modern buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not choose to lie all night in the round-house. The untractable humourist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that "the eye sees not itself:" but when this blind partiality is carried so far, as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly, who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled nose, a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirrour, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of

men, than in their persons: Natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused. But then equal attention should be paid to both; and we should not be anxious to clothe the person, and at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dressed, we should take care that good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole; which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine clothes receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges, and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hose, and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and while he strutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuse all the rest of the world of being out of the fashion.

I cannot conclude better than with a passage from Swift's Tale of a Tub, where the strict analogy between the clothing of the mind and the body is humorously pointed out. "Man (says he) is a Micro-Coat. As to his body there can be no doubt; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not Religion a cloak, Honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, Self-love a surtout, Vanity a shirt, and Conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?"

O.

N° 76. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

Vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor: recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses:
Classica jamque sonant: it bello tessera signum.
VIRG.

The scythe neglected, and forgot the plough,
The rustic knits his politician brow:
His grandsire's rusty sword he longs to wield,
While guns, drums, trumpets call him to the field.

THE British Lion, who has for a long time past been a passive couchant beast, or at most been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has roused the whole nation, and the meanest of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the French on our colonies are the general topic of conversation, and the popular cry now runs, New England for ever! Peace or war has been the subject of bets at White's, as well as the debates at the Robin Hood; and "a fleet roasting, new world's new dress, the colonies in a rope, &c." were last Sunday, the subjects of a prayer and lecture at the Oratory in Clare-market. The theatres also, before they closed the season, entertained us with several warlike dramas: The Press-Gang was exhibited at Covent-Garden; and at Drury-Lane the same sea, that rolled it's canvas billows in pantomime at the beginning of the season to carry Harlequin to China, was again put in motion to transport our sailors to North America. At present the streets ring with the martial strains of our ballad-singers, who are endeavouring, like Tyrtæus of old, to rouse their fellow

countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to Portsmouth to see mock-fights, and be regaled with pickled pork and sea-biscuit on board the Admiral.

This posture of affairs has occasioned politics, which have been long neglected as studies useless and impertinent, to become once more fashionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our constant attention, are only cultivated in England by fits. Christianity sleeps among us, unless roused by the apprehensions of a plague, an earthquake, or a Jew-Bill: and we are alarmed for a while at the sudden news of an invasion or a rebellion; but, as soon as the danger is over, the Englishman, like the soldier recovered from his fright occasioned by Queen Mab's drumming in his ear, "swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again." To preach up public spirit, is at some seasons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blast kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an instant. The reign of politics seems at present to be re-commencing. Our news-papers contain dark hints and shrewd conjectures from the Hague, Paris, and Madrid; and the lye of the day is artfully contrived to influence the rise and fall of the money-barometer in Change-Alley. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no further notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from cousin Village on the same important subject.

DEAR COUSIN, ——, June 30, 1755.

War, though it has not laid our fields waste or made our cities desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of this place. Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their wise heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the

balance of Europe is adjusted. The preparations now making by sea and land are as popular subjects as the price of corn or the broad-wheel-act. Success to our noble admirals, and a speedy war, are also as common toasts over a mug of ale as GOD speed the Plough, or a good harvest: though it must be owned, that some selfish country squires, who have not an equal share of public spirit and love of their country with their fellow rustics, are somewhat apprehensive of the influence, which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I am at present on a visit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of those country gentlemen, who so much prefer the public welfare to their own private interest, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own estates. Sir Politic is miserable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his spirits revive at the sound of the post-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Post, and a long letter of news from his nephew at the Temple. These Sir Politic himself reads after dinner to me, the curate of the parish, and the town-apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep insight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many shrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the asterisks, dashes, and italics. Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet, and his privy council, so much as the new seat of war. They very well knew the situation of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, Oswego, &c. (to use a common phrase) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length surmounted by the Templar having transmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps; by the help of which the baronet sometimes delineates the progress of the French up the Ohio in meanders of

port winding along the table, and sometimes demolishes the forts lately raised by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At present writing I am but just withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point, represented by a cork, and stormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry-stones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, studied Monsieur D'Anville thoroughly: He has also been very much taken up of late with the perusal of the History of the Six Nations: so that he has scarce one idea in his head, that does not bear some relation to the West-Indies. We had some boiled beef the other day for dinner, when the good knight observed, that he should be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the war-kettle; and he had no sooner lighted his pipe, than the first puff of the tobacco threw him into some reflections of the danger of Virginia. 'By the bye,' (said the baronet,) 'I am a great admirer of the Indian oratory; and I dare say old Hendrick the Sachem would have made a good figure in the House of Commons. There is something very elegant in the Covenant-Belt; but pray what a pox are those damned Strings of Wampum? I cannot find any account of them in Chambers's Dictionary.' He then entered into a dissertation on the war-hoop; and turning to the apothecary, 'Doctor,' said he, 'what do you think of scalping?' The doctor replied, that for his part he imagined it to be somewhat in the nature of an epispastic or blister. 'Ay,' (said the other reverend doctor, shaking his head,) 'it is a very barbarous custom indeed: though it is no wonder, since they have only had a few Jesuits among them; so that they have very little notion of Christianity.'

War never fails of producing groundless and contradictory reports: and if Fame is a lying jade in town, she is the idlest gossip that ever spoke in the country. We have gained several victories in Virginia, and

taken several forts, but lost them all back again the next post. At one time we burnt, sunk, took, and destroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not stirred out of Brest harbour: and but last week we shot off poor Boscawen's legs, and made him fight, like Witherington on his stumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and set the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

T

N° 77. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.

HOR.

Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I Read your late paper, shewing the close analogy, which cloathing the body bears to adorning the mind; and am thoroughly persuaded, that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embellish their minds as to set off their persons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the same ease that they can furnish themselves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffel can, at a moment's warning, be furnished with a complete suit of lace or embroidery from Monmouth-street; his long lank greasy hair may be exchanged in Middle-Row for a smart bag or a jemmy scratch; and his clouted shoes, with the rough hobnails in the heel and

sole clumping at every step, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkshire warehouse, or the Old Crispin in Cranbourn alley. The draggled street-walker can rig herself with a clean smock, a linen gown, and a hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's; or if she can afford it, every pawn-broker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tissue or brocaded sack, and all the paraphernalia of a countess. But where, Mr. Town, can these people go to clothe their minds, or at what shops are retailed sense and virtue? Honour and honesty are not to be purchased in Monmouth-street; knowledge is not infused into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no bush, sense is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for show with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can administer, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot for any price buy chastity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honesty from the pawn-broker's.

Seeing, therefore, at one view the difficulty in obtaining the accomplishments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dress, I have been labouring this week past to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length devised a scheme, which will fully answer that purpose. In a word then, I shall next winter open a shop or warehouse in the most public part of the town, under the name of a Mind-and-Body-Clothier: two trades which, though never yet united, are so far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inseparable. I shall not only supply my friends with a suit or a single virtue, but furnish them with complete habits of mind and body from head to foot: and by a certain secret art in the form and texture of the things sold, the required virtues shall be as inherent in them, as the materials of which they are composed. That such virtues may be transfused by clothes is evident

from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's wishing-cap, by which he could transport himself in an instant from one place to another: It is also well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer possessed a Sword of Sharpness, Shoes of Swiftness, and a Coat of Invisibility. Why then may not I sell a surtout of patriotism, or a sword of honour, and retail modesty and chastity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons?

No one, who duly considers the natural influence, which clothes commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my scheme as utterly impracticable. That a person can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or his periwig, is plain in very numerous instances. The young counsellor, who every morning in term-time takes the measure of Westminster-Hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once divests himself of his gravity with the starched band and long robe, and resumes the spirit of a buck together with the sword and bag-wig. In the same manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the disposition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of a carpenter by his leathern apron, or a soldier by his red coat. When we see a snuff-coloured suit of ditto with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar or brandishing a clyster-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been distinguished by different colours; as scarlet has been made to represent valour, yellow to denote jealousy, and true blue to signify integrity.

Thus we may likewise discover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feast I see the guests tucking their napkins into their shirt-collars, as if they were all of them going to be shaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dress than in the Alley: and when the antiquated toast is laying on her complexion at the toilette, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is she doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can discover impudence staring from the bold cock of a Kevenhuller, parsimony skulking in a darned stocking, coquetry spread out in a hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a shoulder-knot. I often please myself with thus remarking the various dresses of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmost linings of the heart, and discover "the very stuff of the thoughts."

It must, however, be owned, that in these matters the nicest penetration may be imposed on; since, in the present random method of dressing, many persons appear in masquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me will at once clothe his mind and his body, the whole town will be dressed in character. Thus if a chimney-sweeper or a plough-boy put on a suit of embroidery, a sword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the same time invest themselves with the internal dignity of a person of quality: my lady's youngest son may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchased at the same time with a gown and cassock by the young smarts from the universities. My scheme also further recommends itself, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge, that the world will choose to follow: for, as my clothes will always be cut according to the newest and most elegant manner, these qualifications of the mind, inherent

in them, must necessarily come into fashion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their valet de chambre; and a young lady of fashion will acquire new accomplishments with every new ribband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readiness to promote my scheme; but what I most earnestly intreat of you, Mr. Town, is to use your utmost interest with the polite world, but especially with the ladies, not to discard clothes entirely; as by such a resolution my scheme must be defeated: and, indeed, it will not be in the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be sufficiently diffused, my warehouse will be calculated for general use, and stored with large assortments of all kinds of virtues and dresses, that I may suit persons of whatever denomination. Physicians may be furnished from my shop with gravity and learning in the tyes of a periwig; serjeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counsellors may be endued with a sufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a smart tye between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupet. I shall sell religion to country parsons in pudding-sleeves, and to young town-curates just come from the university, in doctors scarfs and full grizzles: I shall have some pious ejaculations, whinings, and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers, and butchers, at the tabernacle and foundery in Moor-fields. For our military gentlemen designed to go abroad, I shall have several parcels of true British courage woven in a variety of cockades and sword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who stay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of French

Bagatelle, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I suppose, will all of them to a woman be desirous of purchasing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer their demands; but I shall have several dresses, which will make up for the want of it. I shall have neatness done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and discretion in several patterns for mobs, hoods, and night-gowns; together with modesty disposed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, stays that almost meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I shall also have a small portion of chastity knit into garters, and twisted into laces for the stays, very proper to be worn at masquerades and assemblies.

I had almost forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of sense and clothes, shall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reasonable rates. As for yourself, Mr. Town, I shall beg leave to present you with an entire suit of superfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be ashamed to be seen.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

N° 78. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.
HOR.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry stage!
Our youth a wild-fire, and a frost our age!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with it's opposite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which shews itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman will appear in

company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession has this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those, who will not go to Heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitefield, Wesley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his clothes are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of man-

kind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronical distempers. This indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth; by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old: and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide, which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance

for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as a husband or wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsists. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not choose to be corrected by

their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends; which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving

and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in it's colouring.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

N° 79. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

——— *O te, Bollane, cerebri*
Felicem! aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.—

HOR.

Silent I said, O happiest head of cit,
With brain uncumber'd, and the load of wit!
From street to street still rambling up and down,
While all his talk was still of London town.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Have been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen, who make weekly excursions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post-chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business has dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day about forty miles from London; and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from it's antique appearance, had been a house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure, (driven thither, as I supposed, on the same account with myself,) came soberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten surtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled spatterdashes, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was nobody; for the gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress, and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him "he looked brave and jolly;" and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called "her own water," which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his surtout, which discovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a

black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The surtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was dispatched to the doctor's for some diachylon. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that he had always put up at this house. He then run on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, 'Ay,' says he, 'she has been a clever woman in her time, before she bore children.' He added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and six. He further informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of Alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on: 'but,' says he, 'I now wear it only on a journey; because, you know, a bit of lace commands respect upon the road.' On inquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound 'prentice to himself; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's school used to call him Bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig,

But the saddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flour from the kitchen drudger. His spatter-dashes were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a wisp of hay; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare: and though the beast seemed as lean and harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky; 'for she had not run in the chaise these two Sundays past.'

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheeps hearts, which last he declared to be the wholsomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brew'd, which he affirmed to be better than Hogsden ale, or the Thatch beer at Islington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the French terribly both by land and sea. At last, among other talk, he happened to ask me, if I lived in the city? As I was desirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never seen London. 'Never seen it?' (says he) 'Then you have never seen one of the finest sights in the whole world. Paris is but a dog-hole to it.' There luckily hung a large map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. 'There,' says he, 'there's London for you.—You see it is bigger than the map of all England.' He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal streets

from Hyde-Park to White-Chapel.—'That,' says he, 'is the River Thames—There's London bridge—There my Lord Mayor lives—That's Poule's—There the Monument stands: And now, if you was but on the top of it, you might see all the houses and churches in London.' I expressed my astonishment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's-Inn Fields—'There,' said he, 'there all the noblemen live.' At last, after having transported me all over the town, he set me down in Cheapside, 'which' (he said) 'was the biggest street in the city.—And now,' says he, 'I'll shew you where I live.—That's Bow church—and thereabouts—where my pipe is—there—just there my shop stands.' He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and see him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, assured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promised to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after settling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but just as I had mounted my horse, and was going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and shaking me by the hand,—'Hearkye,' says he, 'if you will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant July, I will introduce you to the Cockney's Feast; where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry, and hear a great many good songs.'

T I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

N° 80. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

Nulla viri cura intereà, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum.———
JUV.

What though the spouse be ruin'd, where's the sin,
By madam's friends, so dear, so near akin?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IF polygamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expence, than I have brought upon myself by marrying one woman. One did I say? Alas! I find it to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood: but I never thought, that all her relations would likewise fasten on me with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother: then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden sisters; after that I married her aunts; then her cousins—In short, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I say that I am married to them all: for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the person whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and sleep with me: every room in my house is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me:—and since I have the whole family quartered

upon me, what signifies which of them takes upon her my name,—my wife, her sister, or her twentieth cousin?

O Mr. Town! I never sit down to table without the lamentable prospect of seeing as much victuals consumed, as would dine a whole vestry. So many mouths constantly going at my expence!—And then there is such a variety of provisions! for cousin Biddy likes one dish; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; sister Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that:—though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the best of every thing in season. Besides, I could entertain a set of jolly topers at a less rate, than it costs me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Lisbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; a third swallows me an ocean of Bristol Milk, with as little remorse as she would so much small beer: my eldest aunt likes a glass of dry mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digestion so well as Madeira. It was but last week, that my wife expressed a desire of tasting some claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it: but with much ado I at last prevailed on them to compound with me for a chest of Florence.

You may imagine, that my house cannot be a very small one: and I assure you there are as many beds in it, as in a country inn. Yet I have scarce room to turn myself about in it: for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the most distant cousin must have more respect shewn her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-servants: so that poor I have no more liberty in my own house than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to shake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, scarce big enough to hold my own family. But alas! they stuck as close to it, as a snail

to her shell: and rather than not lie under the same roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like so many pigs in a stye. At another time, thinking to clear my house at once of these vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and sent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? there was no getting rid of those left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the household, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her absence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preserve sweetmeats, another to make Morella brandy; all which they executed with the notableness peculiar to good housewives, who spoil and waste more than they save, for the satisfaction of making these things at home. At last my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new cousins fresh out of the country, who she never knew before were the least related to her:—but they have been so kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever since.

One would imagine, that it were sufficient for these loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my house in every respect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me in a manner to find them in clothes likewise. I should not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a cast-off suit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her just dues, and would look more like a dependent than a relation. Not but that they will condescend now and then to take a gown, before it is half worn out, (when they have talked my wife into a dislike of it)—because it is too good for a common servant. They have more spirit than to beg any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to part with it—they will wear it, purely for her sake. A cap, an apron, or a handkerchief, which, I am told, looks hideous upon her, I

always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, soon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a silk brocade my wife had just bought, one of her sisters took it from her, and told me she would have it made up for herself, and wear it on purpose to spite me.

You must know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiscreet enough to set up my chariot: and since my family has increased so prodigiously, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewise, and another pair of horses. This also furnishes them with a pretence for running about to public diversions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are so very fond of each others company, that one will hardly ever stir out without the other. Thus, at home or abroad, they constantly herd together: and what is still more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my house, my wife makes a merit of it, that she keeps little or no company.

Such is the state of my family within doors: and though you would think this sufficient for one man, I can assure you I have other calls upon me from relations no less dear to me, though I have never yet had the happiness to see them. A third cousin by my wife's father's side was set up in the country in a very good way of business; but by misfortunes in trade must have gone to jail, if my wife had not teized me into being bound for him, and for which I was soon after arrested, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promising youth, was just out of his time, and only wanted a little sum to set him up; which as soon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to sea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a sober discreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country: but the poor innocent girl being drawn aside by a vile fellow that ruined her, I

have been forced to support the unhappy mother and child ever since, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I shall say nothing of the various presents, which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Christmas; nor shall I put to account the charge I have been at in the gossips fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and cousins, to which I had the honour of standing godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this last circumstance makes me reflect with a heavy heart on a new calamity, which will shortly befal me. My wife, you must know, is very near her time: and they have provided such a store of clouts, caps, forehead-cloths, biggens, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of childbed-linen, as would set up a Lying-in hospital. You will conclude, that my family wants no further increase: yet, would you believe it? I have just received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another cousin, are coming up in the stage coach to see their relation, and are resolved to stay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my house, they will resolve to stay with her, till she has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T

N° 81. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

—*Genus humanum multò fuit illud in arvis*
Durius. ———
LUCRET.

An hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports,
The field their joy, unpolished yet by courts,

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

A Mere country squire, who passes all his time among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character; and the most aukward loobily inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his fore-fathers. The principles of a town education formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town duly import to their distant seats the customs and manners of Pall-mall and Grosvenor-square.

I have been for this fortnight past at Lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed till twelve or one o'clock; though, indeed, he often sees the sun rise; but then that only happens, when, as the old song says, he has "drank down the moon." Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues; but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but

gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet strangers never want a chace, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtly's, who never saw London, and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in or his game-keeper.

The evening walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtly's; for, though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than if they had never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax-candles, and set out with as many card tables, as the rout of a foreign ambaffador's lady. Here Faro, Whist, Brag, Lansquenet, and every other fashionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has often fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occasion to curse the cards, and her ill-starred connections with persons of quality: though his lordship is never at a loss for a party; for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at White's. I had almost forgot to mention, that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

This, dear Cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change

their situation; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his compting-house; and the nobleman, though in the farthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner, in which persons of fashion pass their time at Lord Courtly's, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the following transcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural pourtraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of Lord Shaftesbury at St. Giles's near Cranborn in Dorsetshire, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Ashley Cowper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not, but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF

THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS,

Of Woodlands, in Hampshire;

SECOND SON OF

FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings; by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair. His clothes always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large Park well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levell'd since it was plough'd. They used round sand bowls; and it had a banquetting house like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. And hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ-church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother or father: who was to boot, very welcome to his house, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes: the great hall strow'd with marrow-bones, full of hawk's perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers: the upper side of the hall hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixt; game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance.

The Parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them; which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little

white stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best-chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oyfters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Pool supply'd him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses; that being the rule of the house exactly observ'd. For he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye with thick crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best saltfish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with

'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack; and had always a tun glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer which he often stirred with rosemary.

He was well natured but soon angry, calling his servants, bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be a hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

N° 82. THURSDAY, AUGUST, 21, 1755.

Nôsse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.

TER.

All these to know, is safety to the youth.

THOUGH the following letter was originally writ-t'n for the instruction of a young gentleman going to the university; yet as it contains several just and sensible reflections, which may be of use to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the request of my correspondent in making it the entertainment of to day.

DEAR SIR,

As you are now going to the university, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your own

natural good sense, as to suppose, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply youself to study: otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost; for (as Swift very justly remarks) "all ornamental parts of education are better taught in other places." At the same time I do not mean, that you should commence pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle, than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn fencing——not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sports, but to sit, as squire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the university, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

The first person I would caution you against, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that speech, which was given him by God to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itself, is likewise the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there

are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as possible; and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt, with which they have the hardiness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely: for I never knew any body, who pretended to be above the fear of God, but was under the most terrible apprehensions, whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would advise you to shun, is the gamester, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He, indeed, professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in: for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of, is a drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises maukish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind, till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid a habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assist-

ance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to 'keep a watch over the doors of our lips.'

A lownger is a creature, that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive, as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense, that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness, and volubility of expression, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate rake or the affected coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles, already instilled into you, will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense, not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted liars are no less to be avoided, as the

common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lies, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any party. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person, in whose interest you are, may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentlemen:—just as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make the marriage state happy." In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though

repentance be an excellent visiting friend, when she reminds us of our past miscarriages, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

H. A.

N° 83. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.——

JUV.

Rough repetition roars in rudest rhyme,
As clappers clinkle in one charming chime.

SINCE genius is the chief requisite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very essence of it, than the adopting, as beauties, certain arts, which are merely mechanical. There are daily arising many whimsical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the present mode of writing. With these it is as easy to fill our compositions, as to dress ourselves in the fashion: but the writer, who puts his work together in this manner, is no more a poet than his tailor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactness, but shew no genius: for those, who sit down to write by rule, and follow "dry receipts how poems should be made," may compose their pieces without the least assistance from the imagination; as an apo-

thecary's 'prentice, though unable to cure any disease, can make up medicines from the physician's prescription, with no more knowledge of physic than the names of the drugs. Thus the Muse, that ought to fly, and "ascend the brightest heaven of invention," walks in leading-strings, or is supported by a go-cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this sort, none have been more successfully practised, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantastical conceit, called alliteration: which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line with the same letter. This method of running divisions upon the alphabet, and pressing particular letters into the service, has been accounted one of the first excellencies in versification, and has, indeed, received the sanction of some of our best poets: but wherein the beauty of it consists, is something difficult to discover; since Quarles or Withers might practise it with as much adroitness as Dryden or Spenser. It is one of those modern arts in poetry, which require no fancy, judgment, or learning in the execution: for an author may huddle the same letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer selects his types, and ranges them in whatsoever order he pleases.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contrast to the famous Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in it's turn excluded; and the alliterator must be as busily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or consonant, as the Greek poet to shut out the letter he had proscribed. Nothing is esteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than a happy choice of epithets; but alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expression to a very narrow compass. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactness; but the closest relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are

joined, is that the initials are the same. Thus the fields must be flowry, beauty must be beaming, ladies must be lovely; and in the same manner must the "waves wind their watry way," the "blustring blasts blow," and "locks all loosely lay," not for the sake of the poetry, but the elegance of the alliteration. This beauty has also taken possession of many of our tragedies; and I have seen ladies wooed and heroes killed in it: though I must own, I never hear an actor dying with deadly darts and fiery flames, &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin woman in Gay's Trivia, whose head, when it was severed from her body, rolled along the ice crying pip, pip, pip, and expired in alliteration.

The same false taste in writing, "that wings display'd and altars rais'd," also introduced alliteration; and acrostics in particular are the same kind of spelling book poetry. It is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary, that those sublime writers, who have disgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the Goths in poetry; since it is a whimsical beauty, below the practice of any writer, superior to him who turned the Æneid into monkish verses. Shakspeare, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great humour in his burlesque tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. Besides that noted passage,

—— With blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaft,

he before introduces a mock rant, which Bottom calls Ercles' vein; which is not only rank fustian, but is also remarkable for it's alliteration. "To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates—and Phibbus car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates." In this strange style have whole poems been written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occasion the

Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam, which I wish some of our poetasters would translate, in the true spirit of the original, and praise pigs and pork with all the beauties of alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have asserted, that it adds significance and strength of expression to their verses: but I fear this boasted energy seldom appears to the reader. The alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very striking, disgusts those who perceive it; and is often in itself, from such a disagreeable cluster of the same letters, harsh and uncouth. There are many instances, where alliteration, though studiously introduced, renders the versification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greatest lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was scarce intended, is one of the most pleasing in all Virgil's works:

Neu patriæ Validas in Viscera Vertite Vires.
Wound not with Vigour Vast the Vitals of the Weal.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something very mechanical in the whole construction of the numbers in most of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than sense, and the words are expected to express more than the sentiment. There are set rules to make verses run off glibly, or drawl slowly on; and I have read many a poem with scarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all these excellencies of versification: for which reason I must confess myself no friend to those critics, who analyse words and syllables, and discover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole should be taken together. Poetry should seem at least to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be squeezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to describe, we should then of course express

ourselves with force, elegance, and perspicuity; and this native strength of expression would have more true energy than elaborate phrases, and a quaint and studied combination of words and letters. Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the sound echo to the sense, we should make the sense our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakspeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true spirit of poetry, without having recourse to little tricks and mean artifices, which only serve to disgrace it. A good writer, who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never pursue words, and play with letters, but leave such a childish employment for the small fry of rhymers, who amuse themselves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet trusts to his natural ear and strong conception, and knows that the versification is adapted to the sentiment, without culling particular letters, and stringing them on his lines; as he is sure that his verses are just measure, without scanning them on his fingers.

There are almost daily published certain Lilliputian volumes, entitled Pretty Books for Children. A friend of mine, who considers the little rhymers of the age as only "children of a larger growth," that amuse themselves with rhymes instead of rattles, proposes to publish a small pocket volume for the use of our poetasters. It will be a Treatise on the Art of Poetry adapted to the meanest capacities, for which subscriptions will be taken, and specimens may be seen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houses. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occasion, and will instruct the young scribbler in all the modern arts of versification. He will here meet with infallible rules, how to soften a line and lull us to sleep with liquids and dipthongs; to roughen the verse and make it roar again with

reiteration of the letter R; to set it hissing with semi-vowels; to make it pant and breathe short with a hundred heavy aspirates; or clog it up with the thickest double consonants and monosyllables: with a particular table of alliteration, containing the choicest epithets, disposed into alphabetical order; so that any substantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the same letter, which (though a mere expletive) shall seem to carry more force and sentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more distant sound. The whole to be illustrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be published about the middle of the winter, under the title of The Rhymer's Play-thing, or Poetaster's Horn-Book; since there is nothing necessary to form such a poet, except teaching him his letters.

T

N° 84. THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1755.

——— *Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,*
Hoc age. ———
HOR.

Think, sailors, think, though landmen are your hate,
Who likes a mere tarpaulin but his mate?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOU obliged the world some time ago with a few reflections on the gentlemen of the army: at the present juncture, a word or two on our sea-officers would not be unseasonable. I do not mean, that you should

presume to direct them how to behave in their several stations, but rather to remark on their conduct and conversation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfashionable dye, which their manners often take from the salt-water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on shore. If you could assist in blotting out these stains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeness to their ordinary conversation, and would be of as much service to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who first invented the compass.

As the conversation of those fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is usually flat and insipid, that of our sea-officers is turbulent and boisterous: and as a trip to Paris has perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the seaman, who comes home so rough and unpolished, that one would imagine he had not visited any nation in the world, except the Savages, or the Hottentots. The many advantages he has received from having seen the customs and manners of so many different people, it is natural to suppose, would render his conversation very desirable, as being in itself particularly instructive and entertaining; but this roughness, which clings to the seaman's behaviour like tar to his trowsers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite society. He behaves at an assembly, as if he was upon deck; and his whole deportment manifestly betrays, that he is, according to the common phrase, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from him concerning the several nations he has visited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin: and he seems to know as little of them, as the

fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the sake of improvement, rid post through all Europe.

That our ordinary seamen, who are many of them draughted from the very lowest of the populace, should be thus uncivilized, is no wonder. The common sailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by just reflections on what he sees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of university education, suitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite seminaries, which he came from. A common sailor too is full as polite as a common soldier; and behaves as genteely to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman soldier at a suttling-house. But surely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their situation: and it is beneath the dignity of the British flag to have an admiral behave as rudely as a swabber, or a commodore as foul-mouthed as a boatswain.

It may perhaps be alledged in excuse, that the being placed among such a boisterous set of people, as our common sailors, must unavoidably wear off all politeness and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all those, who are employed in the care of horses, grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often observe those justices, whose chief business is the examination of highwaymen, house-breakers, and street-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be some truth in this, the commander should therefore be still more on his guard to preserve the gentleman in his behaviour, and like the sea itself, when the storm is over, grow smooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuse the other passengers on the water; and there are certain set terms of abuse, which

fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occasion. A wag might perhaps amuse himself with this water-language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but must be a very silly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on shore with him. In the same manner some roughness may perhaps be necessary to keep the crew in order; but it is absurd for an officer to retain his harshness in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and disciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine tails.

But the worst part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-seamen. They look on the rest of the world as a set of fresh-water wretches, who could be of no service in a storm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obstinacy are particularly deaf to any proposals of new improvements in navigation: though experience daily teaches them the great use of the discoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion, how studious men can sit at home, and devise charts and instruments to direct them in their course; they despise those ingenious persons, who would assist them in their undertakings; while they consider them with the utmost contempt, as going round the world in their closets, and sailing at sea in their elbow-chairs. It is no less shameful than true, that the ventilator, one of the most beneficial inventions that ever was devised, was first offered to the service of our men of war, and rejected. It was first used in foreign ships, then by our merchantmen, and last of all among our men of war, to whose use it was first recommended. This is a strong proof of that fatal obstinacy, which our sea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further instance of it, I have been told of an admiral's indignation on this subject, venting itself in the following manner: "A pack of blockheads," said he,

"sit poring, and pretend to make improvements for our use. They tell you, that they discover this, and discover that; but I tell you they are all fools.—For instance now, they say the world is round; every one of them says the world is round;—but I have been all round the world, and it is as flat as this table."

The unpolish'd behaviour of our sea-officers is in great measure owing to their being often sent to sea very young with little or no education, beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portsmouth. A lad of good family, but untoward parts, or mischievous disposition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-school, or snubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ship in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at first messes with the lowest of the seamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly mess-mates in the course of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, sing a bawdy catch, and dance a hornpipe. These genteel accomplishments he is sure to retain, as he grows old in the service; and if he has the good fortune to rise to a command, he is as surly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the mast.

After all it is but justice to confess, that there are many among our sea-officers, who deservedly bear the character of gentlemen and scholars; and it is easy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the rest of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of service, are as mere logs as the main-mast. An officer, who has any relish for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and satisfaction, than in sauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, seriously recommend it to those young

sailors, who have the happiness to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to suffer every trace of it to be washed away, like words written on the sands; but that, when they return from sea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to say a word or two concerning our sea-chaplains. The common sailors are known to have, when on board, a very serious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and sedate attention to the sermon upon quarter-deck, might shame a more polite audience at St. James's church. For this reason a truly religious chaplain, of good morals and sober conversation, will necessarily have as much influence on their behaviour, as a mild and prudent commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumspect in this point; since, if he does not act in every respect conformable to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbeneficed doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred character, as to drink, swear, and behave in every respect like a common sailor, he should be obliged to work in the gang-way all the rest of the week, and on Sundays be invested with a jacket and trowsers instead of his canonicals.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. Fore-Castle.

O

N° 85. THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1754.

——— *Animorum*
Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine.
HOR.

As the frail dame now love, now reason guides,
The magic mixture rises or subsides.

SO long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a female thermometer, constructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayscough, optician, on Ludgate-hill; and I then informed the public, that "the liquor contained within the tube was a chemical mixture, which being acted upon by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, would rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer." But I have now the further satisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after several repeated trials and improvements we have at length brought the instrument to so great a degree of perfection, that any common by-stander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's passions. The liquor, among other secret ingredients, is distilled *secundùm artem* from the herbs lady's love and maiden hair, the wax of virgin-bees, and the five greater hot and cold seeds: and the properties of it are so subtle and penetrating, that immediately on it's coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same manner, as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty, that we could

settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our thermometer: but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following; viz.

Abandoned IMPUDENCE.
.... *Gallantry.*
.... *Loose Behaviour.*
.... *Innocent Freedoms.*
.... *Indiscretions.*
Inviolable MODESTY.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest point to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the different station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to impudence. Much also depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our thermometer; as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments, which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects, which the playhouse, the opera, and other places of diversion might have on the thermometer. At the playhouse we always found the liquor rise in proportion, as the drama was more or less indecent or

immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, it's elevation kept pace exactly with the lusciousness of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot; so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled awhile, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between modesty and impudence; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as loose behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play it has settled at downright impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the thermometer constantly kept time (if I may say so) with the music and singing; and both at the opera and the playhouse, it always regulated its motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay-market: but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to abandoned impudence.

During the summer season we have not failed to make our observations on the company at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw unpolished females, who came only to eat cheese-cakes and see the cascade and fire-works, the liquor did not stir beyond Modesty; with many it has crept up to indiscretions; and with some it has advanced to loose behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our thermometer in the dark walks: but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards innocent freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others, who have gone the same way, it has only continued to point (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into

Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired towards indiscretions, still gravitated back again to modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between innocent freedoms and loose behaviour: after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling up to a degree next to impudence.

Besides the experiments on those ladies, who frequent the public places of diversion, we have been no less careful in making remarks at several private routs and assemblies. We were here at first very much surprised at the extreme degree of cold, which our thermometer seemed to indicate in several ladies, who were seated round the card-tables; as we found not the least alteration in it either from the young or old: but we at last concluded, that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally absorbed all their other passions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has risen from cards after so much ill luck as to have involved herself in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the thermometer has been surprisingly affected; and as she has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor which before was quite stagnate, run up instantaneously to the degree of gallantry. We have also been at the trouble to try it's efficacy in the long rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found, that these places have brought about surprising changes in the constitutions of those sick ladies, who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus sufficiently proved the perfection of our thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayscough will be ready to supply the public

with these useful instruments, as soon as the town fills. In the mean time I would advise those ladies, who have the least regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the transitions from the lowest to the highest are quick and obvious; and that though it is very easy to advance, it is impossible to recede. Let them, therefore, be careful to regulate their passions in such manner, as that their conduct may be always consistent with decency and honour, and (as Shakspeare says) "not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty." I shall conclude with observing, that these thermometers are designed only for the ladies: for though we imagined at first, that they might serve equally for the men, we have found reason to alter our opinion; since, in the course of several fruitless experiments on our own sex, there has scarce appeared any medium in them between modesty and impudence.

W

N° 86. THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1755.

——— *Viâ sacrâ, sicut meus est mos,*
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis.
HOR.

I range in quest of knowledge ev'ry street,
And study arts at Ludgate or the Fleet.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been

assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to study at the universities: as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature; (while as the wise man has remarked) "wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, and no man regardeth her." Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or incurious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences, which constantly lies open before him in the highways and bye places; like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never poſſeſſed of so much as a horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who used to study walking: and as I had not the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacedæmonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by conning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in caricatura. I soon made a further progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage coaches and waggons; till at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric posts. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has

since been to visit the philobiblian libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moor-fields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate systems of ancient divines, politicians, and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk makers. As for the modern writings of pamphletteers and magazine compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the Connoisseur, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the same means I am myself become a Connoisseur likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nicknacks, than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. For, as I constantly survey the windows of every printshop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession: and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in cabinets and museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the columns of Acicarus in Babylonia. In like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge, which I have thus picked out of the streets, has been very extensive: I have gone through a complete course of physic by perusing the learned treatises of Dr. Rock and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of allies and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a

popular disease,—that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the Blue Posts in Haydon yard, that nervous diseases were never so frequent, and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns. I was completely grounded in politics by stopping at Temple-Bar every morning to read the Gazzetteer, which used to be stuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitefield, Wesley, and Zinzendorf, who have instructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint-stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the gods in the upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit-doors; the next act I took my stand at the other; and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two shilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it.

Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of physic, who employed me in sticking up his bills, and slipping them slily into the hands of spindle-shanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which (by the help of Bailey's dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors, who were not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's account of dying speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works, that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-half-penny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an eves-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lies for the day. Once indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad singer, and hawked my own verses; but not having a good ear for music, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of methodist preacher. In this station I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their half-pence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was at last beat off the field by a journeyman shoe-maker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual audience, I became setter to a Fleet parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet-market, and whenever I saw any gaping

young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistance than many regularly ordained curates in the country: but the marriage act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May-fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet-prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distrest clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a new oratory chapel in Fleet-market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare-market; and for which, I flatter myself, I shall appear no less qualified by my education, than the renowned Henley or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble servant,

ORATOR HIGGINS.

T

N° 87. THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1755.

Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulâque precabor?
MART.

So wide a swallow, and so vast a paunch,
Say, what shall cram? a turbot, or a haunch?

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world, that eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch an hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those, who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food, than what is barely wholesome or necessary; their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men, whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach: and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner and supper. These people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck loaves for wagers, whether a Duke

at White's, or a chairman at the Blue-Posts, are certainly of the number of those, "whom nature, (as Sallust tells us,) has made like the brutes, obedient to their bellies;" and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the serpent, "to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for ever on their bellies."

There are many vices and follies, which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming; and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of Good Living, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chace, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance, which I have lately made with a person, whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, table-talk. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a walking library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a walking larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances rela-

ting to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, "for there the cook spoiled a fine turbot:" another house is recollected, "because the parson took all the fat of the haunch of venison:" he remembers a gentleman you mention, "because he had the smallest stomach he ever knew;" or one lady, "because she drank a great deal of wine at supper;" and another, "because she has the best receipt for making her pickled cucumbers look green."

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puss smoking on the table; but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chace after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom: but these he considers, not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. "Bath," says he, "is one of the best markets in the world: at Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have nothing but cow-beef, red veal, and white bacon." He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in it's kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was but last week, that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, "which (says he in his letter) is the best place we can settle our business at, on account of those excellent rolls we may have for breakfast, and the delicious trout we are sure to have at dinner."

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a club, consisting of persons most likely to promote good living. This society is composed of members, who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game; and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management the club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the science of eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual caterer: and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to gage the stomachs of the club, as an exciseman does a cask: so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used, at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this society of epicurean hogs to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A captain of a ship trading to the West-Indies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. "Now, says he, we shall have ortolans as plenty as pigeons; for it was

but yesterday, that we ballotted into our society one of the Flanderkin-Bird-Merchants."

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath cheese, or a ruff or land-rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily, as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity; and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty, because he never tasted it in his life. Where-ever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily, as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good-breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plumb-pudding; and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of skin-pudding.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it is the same with others; and I heard him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, "whether he had over-eat himself." It is no wonder, that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout; I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him

upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was taking physic; and on inquiring whose advice he had, "Oh, says he, nobody can do me so much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here going through a course of her Art of Cookery, in hopes to get a stomach: for indeed, my dear friend, (added he, with tears in his eyes) my appetite is quite gone; and I am sure I shall die, if I do not find something in this book, which I think I can eat."

O

N° 88. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

———— *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,*
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese;—Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
HOR.

A wight there was, whose mad distemper'd brain
Convey'd him ev'ry night to Drury-Lane:
Pleas'd and transported in th' ideal pit
At fancied tragedies he seem'd to sit.
Now to his wits by sage Monro restor'd,
No thanks, but curses on his friends he pour'd.
Ye fools! (he cried) the dear delusion lost,
My pleasure fled, you've cur'd me to my cost:
Seiz'd with such whims, with frenzy so diverting,
Cruel! to close the scene, and drop the curtain.

HORACE, in the passage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Aristotle) of a man, who used to sit in the empty theatre, and fancy that he saw real

exhibitions on the stage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a person that used to wait with great solicitude the coming of ships into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of these madmen was also similar: they were both cured; and both complained, that they were deprived of the satisfaction, which they before enjoyed from a pleasing error of their minds.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be insisted on: *Crede quòd habes et habes,* Think that you have and you have, is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember an humourist, who would frequently divert himself in the same manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and supply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and suppose himself to be cheapening the most dainty provisions; and when he came home to his scanty meal, by the same ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his small beer into the most delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his customers, while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himself going to court or an assembly; and once, when he was sick, he got together three or four of the largest tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bed-side, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people, who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has styled authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred

from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not sixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic by a kind of magic will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front-boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar yard before the opening of the doors, to secure to himself a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens to most authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their writings savour of the most unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to bestow, a most surprising generosity always accompanies every action of the quill. A novelist, for example, is remarkably lavish of his cash on all occasions; and spares no expence in carrying on the designs of his personages through ever so many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more easy than to be very profuse upon paper: An author, when he is about it, may erect his airy castles to what height he pleases, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru: and as he deals about his money without once untying his purse-strings, it will cost him the same whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three gratis cyphers, may in an instant convert a single ten into as many thousands.

But it must be confessed, that we essay-writers, as we are the greatest Egotists, are consequently most vain and ostentatious. As we frequently find occasion to prate about ourselves, we take abundant care to put the reader constantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the best company, are present at the most expensive places of diversion, and

can talk as familiarly of White's, as if we had been admitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations, "From my own Apartment;" which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered without my telling him, that I loll at my ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

Indeed, though I have taken upon me the title of Connoisseur, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a musæum like Sloane's, or a library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a description of their elegant villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own study. This is a little edifice situated at some distance from the rest of the house, for the sake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a small rivulet; and as the entrance into it is shaded by a thick hedge of ever-greens, which cast a kind of awful gloom about it, some learned antiquaries have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather a Chapel of Ease, dedicated to one of the heathen goddesses. This goddess, they inform me, was worshipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no less veneration by the Ægyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the in-

side are decorated with various inscriptions alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this study I retire constantly every morning after breakfast, and at other parts of the day, as occasion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I suffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps surprise my readers) I find in myself the greatest inclination to visit it after an hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progress in literature, and have gone through several very learned volumes, which otherwise I should never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected, ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them, among others no less valuable, in my study.

I may safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections I have had the leisure to make in this ſtudy; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stew'd prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us he always took when he wrote. But if my study serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves,

Seriùs aut citiùs Sedem properamus ad unam!

Ovid.

O lamentable chance! to one vile Seat
Sooner or later we must all retreat!

T

N° 89. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1755.

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ;
Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ;
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.
CATULL.

Weep, ye belles, ye beaux, deplore!
Pretty, pretty Poll's no more!
Poll, the dear delight, the fancy,
Poll, the darling of my Nancy!
Pretty Poll, whom she did love
'Bove her eyes, O far above.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited some time in the parlour, the maid returned with her mistress's compliments, and informed me, that as she was extremely busy, she begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she would be very glad to see me in the nursery. As I knew she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the message: but however I followed the servant up stairs to her mistress; whom I found combing a little spotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions; and there were little kennels, in the

Chinese taste, in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and King Charles's breed. As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease,—'You find me here, Sir, said the lady, tending my little family, the only joy of my life. Here's a dear pretty creature! (holding up the dog she was combing) a beauty! what a fine long-eared snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bless it, and love it, sweet soul!'—— And then she stroked it, and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be styled the language of the nursery. Upon observing me smile at the embraces she bestowed on her little motley darling, 'I am afraid (said she) you don't love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel? Poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world. Nor do I see why a lady should not indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men run out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds.' Then she laid Pompey on his cushion by the fire-side; and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

An humane disposition is, indeed, so amiable either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own species: but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? or would any lady deserve

to be celebrated for her charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because she maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs, as the Ægyptians did of old; and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would (as Iago says on a different occasion) "exchange my humanity with a baboon."

Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel: nay, I am myself acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter so far, as to discharge her chaplain, because he refused to bury her monkey. But the most solemn piece of mummery on these occasions is the making provisions for these animals by will; which absurd legacies as little deserve the title of humanity, as those people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright starve their relations, by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It were indeed to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses were subject to some statute of mortmain; or at least that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, mackaws, Italian greyhounds, and tabby cats.

That a stage coachman should love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country squire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not so surprising, because the reason of their regard for them is easily accounted for: and a sea-captain has, upon the same principles, been known to contract an affection for his ship. Yet no coachman would, like Caligula, tye his horses to a golden rack; but thinks he shows sufficient kindness by giving them a good feed and clean straw: and the country sportsman takes care to provide his hounds

with a warm kennel and horse-flesh; but would never think of placing them on cushions before the fire, and cramming them with fricassees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

This irregular passion (if I may so call it) is most frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the slighted gallant envied the caresses given to a lap-dog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel! and "I would I were thy bird!" has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies discard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites, when they can bestow their endearments on a husband. Wherefore, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins are mostly to be met with among those females, who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have against their will retained the flower of virginity, till it has withered in their possession. It often happens, that there is some kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt, who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I should not so much quarrel with these humane ladies, who choose to settle their affections on the brute species, if their love for these pretty creatures was not troublesome to others, who are not so sensible of the charms of a snub nose, or cannot discover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much seeming rapture as herself: in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own person, if you did not pay your addresses equally to her

pug or paroquet. I know a young fellow, that was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependance, because he gave poor Veny a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another, who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his caresses to her dormouse. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that the embraces and endearments bestowed on these rivals of the human species should be as private as the most secret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nursery. We may often see a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug: and I once saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of king Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the stage-box, and fastening upon the hero's periwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear strange, after what has been said, that these ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, should be as solicitous to preserve the breed of their favourite animals, as a sportsman of his hounds and horses. I have known a gentleman in St. James's street send his little Cupid in a sedan chair as far as Grosvenor square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpose: and I shall never forget a card, which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms.—'Mr. ———'s compliments to Lady Betty ———, is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely delivered,

and begs it as a particular favour, that her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for a puppy."

O

N° 90. THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 15, 1755.

— — *Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,*
Nec rude quid prosit, video, ingenium.——
HOR.

Ah, what can application do,
Unless we have a genius too?
Or genius how have cultivation,
Without due pains and application?

IF we consider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we shall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those, who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he has no genius at all.

It is a shocking draw-back from a father's happiness, when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will

neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time those, whom nature threw far behind him, are by application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his genius, till it subsists no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet-prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry cases and reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not choose to be bantered out of their estates, or joked out of their lives: and even in trade, the plodding men of the alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of accounts, or despise the Italian method of book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid and useless: as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray

or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the verses on Imitation, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Genius, blest term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapply'd,)
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christ'ned Inclination.

But yet suppose a Genius true;
Exempli gratiâ, me or you.
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Should he presume alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts?
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch, a Graham make,
Gold if you will for value sake,
It's springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true:
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays
Perhaps within our bosom plays.
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire!

Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here prefent you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
And use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward Hare of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging croud:
For Geniuses are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow,
For horse and dog, he'd beat them *hollow*;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
" O Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
" When I defy thee to the race.
" Come, 'tis a match,—nay no denial,
" I lay my shell upon the trial."

'Twas done and done,—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstrip'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
" Friend Tortoise," cries the jeering Hare,
" Your burthen's more than you can bear:
" To help your speed, it were as well
" That I should ease you of your shell,
" Jog on a little faster prithee,
" I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."

So said, so done,—and safely sure;
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd, (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*;
Still drawl'd along, as who should say
I win, like *Fabius*, by delay;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
"Things are not always won by starts:
"You may deride my aukward pace,
"But *slow and steady* wins the race."

N° 91. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

Omnia Castor emit; sic fiet, ut omnia vendet.
MART.

Such Bargains purchas'd by his dear,
Her taste at Auctions shewing,
Himself must turn an Auctioneer —
A going, a going, a going.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I AM married to a woman of the most notable disposition, who values herself upon going the nearest way to work in every thing, and laying out her money

to more advantage than any body else. But her economy is so strangely expensive, and her savings attended with such ridiculous extravagance, that she has almost undone me by her frugality.

In the first place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent market-woman. She understands this business so well, it seems, that she buys every thing better of it's sort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other person: for which reason she always undertakes it herself, and trudges to market with all the notable airs and housewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here she flatters herself, that she has the art of beating down every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordinary pennyworths; and after spending the whole morning at twenty different shops, and four or five different markets, she comes home with provisions enough to support the first duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural consequence of this housewifery is, that above half her marketings stink and grow musty, before we can use them, yet she is highly delighted with her management; and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her economy, and the complaints of the tradesmen, that there was no dealing with her, that she is too hard for them, and that they shall be ruined by selling her such bargains.

I should tell you, sir, that soon after we were married, my wife over-persuaded me to take a house in the country; and she assured me, that we should save more than the rent of it, by the advantages of breeding our own poultry and feeding our own cattle, for the supply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the estate; for the ordering of which she had collected together so many excellent

rules, that she was sure to save cent. per cent. in every article. The consequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye instead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkies were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to save the expence of corn, and were most of them carried off by a looseness; our geese were fatted with acorns instead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolnshire. Our hogs cost us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-stalks, pease and bean-shells, scalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in consequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork meazly. We had two cows for the use of our dairy; but the very first winter being fed for cheapness with nothing but collart leaves and chopt straw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at last died of the distemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which used to run in the chaise, fared no better than the miller's horse, as she was kept chiefly upon bran, and very seldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; so that the poor creature, after a journey somewhat harder than usual, dropt down dead between the shafts. We had scarce better luck in the management of our garden: for though my wife prided herself on her notable skill in these matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and pease for a groat a peck, we had the pleasure of gathering them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in the raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of made wines, which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Fron-

tiniac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrives to brew with as much bran as malt, and mugwort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks, before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a still, with it's whole apparatus, that she might make Plague and Hysteric Water, for her own use, and to give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we lost eleven pence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic economy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a pennyworth in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing, of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a bargain. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery, and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away, as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars, that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast-off clothes sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which

she has bought of ladies' maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spitalfields. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen, that were never heard of, and the household furniture, plate, china, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the Auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent pennyworths, that, as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux and fine ladies (beauties of their times) that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as (she says) all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate buying things for nothing, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of sales and auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE

OF THE CHOICE AND VALUABLE

EFFECTS OF MR. ****,

LEAVING OFF HOUSEKEEPING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included

A whole sheet print of King Charles on horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured.

Mary Queen of Scots, by the same master, done after the life, and painted upon glass; the right eye cracked, and the nose a little scratched.

A capital picture of Adam and Eve in cross-stitch.

Noah's Ark, in tent-stitch, it's companion.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, in Nun's work, by the same hand.

A lively representation of Chevy Chase, in lignum vitæ, rose wood, and mother of pearl, curiously inlaid.

Several lesser pieces of birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers; copied from nature in coloured silks, stained feathers, and painted straw.

Merlin's Cave, in shell work; composed of above a thousand beautiful shells, with a cascade of looking-glass playing in the middle.

A most curious Tea-table of rare old japan; with the edges broke off, and one of the legs standing.

A most rare and inestimable collection of right old china; consisting of half a punch-bowl, three parts of a dish, half a dozen plates joined together with wires drilled through their middles a sugar-dish

with a piece broke off the side, a tea-pot without a spout, another without a handle, and five odd cups and saucers, the cracks neatly joined with white paint.

Some large and elegant jars and vases in *papier macheè*.

Several figures of dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, mandarins, and bramins, of the Chelsea and Bow manufactory.

To which will be added,

A small, but well chosen

COLLECTION
OF
MODERN BOOKS;
CONSISTING OF

Pope's Works, and all our best authors—published in ink-stands, tea-chests and quadrille-boxes for fishes and counters.

Miss in her Teens—The Fool in Fashion—All for Love—The Way to win him—She would if she could—Much Ado about Nothing—bound together, for the use of the fair sex, in a complete set of dressing boxes.

A new form of Self Examination—in a snuff-box with a looking-glass in the lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet—in a small pocket volume, containing a bottle of cordial water.

The Posthumous Works of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke—in a close-stool.

I am, Sir, your humble servant &c.

N° 92. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

O nata mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;
Descende.———

HOR.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the serious sot to sleep.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass rather too freely. But as those vices are most dangerous and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at least commonly excused, I have been tempted to examine, whether drinking really deserves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I must own, that after a strict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become hard-drinkers, as well as to the consequences, which such excesses produce, I am at a loss to account for the received maxim, that "in good wine there is truth;" and should no more expect happiness in a full bowl, than chastity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are some of them very shocking, and some very ridiculous; as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was blest with every noble qualifica-

tion of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large sum for a friend, who disappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The distresses, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepest despair; and he had at last recourse to drinking, to benumb (if possible) the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

Tom Buck, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of Westminster school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon town, tossed off his claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he espoused the tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well established his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the University, nobody ever acquired more reputation by electioneering; for he can see out the stoutest freeholder in England. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the county.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere bashfulness, and a foolish sort of modesty, that has made many a man drunk in spite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a set of hard drinkers; and though he would as soon choose to swallow a dose of physic, has not courage to refuse his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always sick to death the next morning, when he constantly resolves to drink nothing

stronger than small beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modesty. Thus Wou'd-be suffers himself to be pressed into the service; and since he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the most miserable wretches upon earth.

Honest Ned Brimmer is at present the most dismal object, that ever fell a sacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his first ambition to promote what is called good fellowship. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his constitution; and now stalks up and down in so piteous a condition, as might inspire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite lost all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the same means that destroyed the natural warmth of his constitution. Rum, Brandy, and Usquebaugh are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to good fellowship.

Having thus taken a short view of the unhappy motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, few perhaps will think such reasons any recommendation to drunkenness. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by observing what strange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakspeare calls it "putting a devil into their mouths, to steal away their brains:" and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong side out; and wine, at the same time it takes away the power of standing from the legs, deprives the mind of all sense and reflection. It is whimsical enough to consider the different effects, which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool sensible, and a wise man an ass; and seems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleasantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a stanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his dearest friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a street-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor serves as an opiate, and lulls him to sleep. Shakspeare has also shewn this variety of characters with great humour. Cassio cries, "let's to business," and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of salvation: Justice Silence, who does not speak a word while he is sober, has no sooner swallowed the rouzing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noisiest man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the most exquisite entertainments to the choice spirits in the beginning of this century, to get Addison and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till he was tipsy; when the same wine, that stupified him, only served to elevate Addison, who took up the ball just as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the rest of the evening. They, who have never been present at a scene of this kind, may see the whole groupe of drunken characters, displayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.

Thus excess of drinking verifies all the transformations, recorded in the fable of Circe's cup: and perhaps the true reason, why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in drinking, except those, who (like Steele and Addison) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of hard drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an ex-

cuse of this sort in vindication of their drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that liquor only shews ill qualities, since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to it's natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgustful appearance, which most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their slaves, and shew them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the choice spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed-chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus considers the motives that generally induce men to give into these exceſſes, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, hard drinking is frequently one, among the many evils, that arise from want of education. The dull country squire, who has no taste for literary amusements, has nothing, except his dogs and horses, but his bumper to divert him; and the town squire sits soaking for the same reasons in a tavern. These are the common herd of Bacchus's swine: but nothing is more shocking than to see a man of sense thus destroying his parts and constitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but also robs him of the society of those like himself, with whom he should associate, and reduces him to the level of a set of wretches; since all may be admitted to his company and conversation, who are able to toss off a bumper

These considerations are sufficient to convince us of

the evils, which result from hard drinking: but it will shock us still more, if we reflect, how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profession, will never apply to it with success, while he sticks so close to his bottle; and the tradesman, who endeavours to make business and pleasure compatible, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or interest is regarded, drunkenness should be avoided: and we may say with Cassio, "every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil."

O

N° 93. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

——*Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos*
Te Deus! ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis!——

HOR.

Why, Fortune, serve us such a cruel prank,
To turn thy wheel, and give us blank, blank, blank!

I CANNOT but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertisements of Hazard's Lottery-Office, in which Fortune is represented hovering over the heads of a great number of people, and scattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late lottery had pictured to himself: the Ten Thousand constantly floated before his eyes, and each person had already possessed it in imagination. But alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vanished; and those, whose heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of

Fortune was turning round, have now leisure soberly to reflect on their disappointment. How many unhappy tradesmen must now trudge on foot all their lives, who designed to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, must languish all their days without the comforts of a husband and a coach and six! Every loser thinks himself ill used by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the possessor of a single sixteenth, flies to the office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with surprise; goes to another office, pays her penny, hears the same disagreeable information, and can hardly, very hardly persuade herself, that fortune should have doomed her, still to wash the dishes, and scrub down the stairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the same point, though their motives for engaging in the lottery may be different. One man puts in, because he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; and another, because he never got any thing before: this indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; and that comforts himself with the pleasing hopes of retrieving his desperate circumstances. Every one, however, thinks himself as sure of the Ten Thousand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is, how to dispose of it. We may, therefore, consider every adventurer, as having been in actual possession of this treasure; and out of fifty thousand people, who have been blest within this fortnight with such ideal good fortune, I shall select the following instances, which fell within my own notice.

Joseph Wilkins of Thames-street, Esquire, Common-Council-Man and cheesemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy situation of the city: he, therefore, resolved to take a house at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a snug box

at Hampstead in the Chinese taste, for his retirement on Sundays. A chariot was absolutely necessary, to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern fashion, that it might occasionally be converted into a post-chaise, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country-seat, and back again on the Monday morning. He designed to be chose alderman the first vacancy; after that to be made sheriff, receive the honour of knighthood, and perhaps get into parliament: and whenever he passed by the Mansion-House, he could not but look upon it with pleasure, as the future residence of his lordship. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who should take upon himself the whole drudgery of the shop; so that the squire might have no farther trouble, than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was considering on whom this important favour should be conferred, his ticket was drawn —— Blank; and Squire Wilkins is contented with his greasy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheshire cheese.

Jonathan Wildgoose of Cheapside, silk-mercer, had too much taste to be confined to dirty business, which he neglected for the more agreeable pursuits of pleasure. Having therefore met with great losses in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his shattered fortune in the lottery, and by purchasing a number of tickets secured to himself the 10,000l. He had determined to keep his success secret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly; and before he could know, that he had *not* got the Ten Thousand, hurried him to jail, where he now lies, lamenting that the Act of Insolvency had not been postponed till after the lottery.

John Jones of Ludlow in the county of Salop, Es-

quire, dealer and chapman, got the 10,000l. This gentleman was fore-warned of his success by several indisputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a particular number four nights together: and while the bells were ringing on his being chose bailiff of the corporation, they spoke in as plain words, as ever Whittington heard, "Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound—Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound." He and his lady, therefore, came up to London; and not being able to meet with the particular number at Hazard's or Wilson's, or any other office always remarkable for selling the Ten Thousands, they advertised it in the papers, and got the great prize, only paying a guinea more for their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the world, having lived for some years in quality of an upper servant in a great house,—she was determined, that Mr. Jones should take the opportunity, now they were in town, of learning how to behave himself, as he should do, when he came to his fortune. She, therefore, introduced him to the best company in all the house-keepers and stewards rooms in the best families, where she was acquainted: and as Mr. Jones was so deficient in politeness, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private lessons from Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to teach grown gentlemen to dance. Mrs. Jones herself was very busy in consulting with the milliner and mantua-maker about the newest fashions, when the long looked-for Ten Thousand came up; and directly after the hey-gee-ho carried them down again to Salop, with this only consolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate number.

Sir Humphry Oldcastle, having greatly dipped his estate by being chosen into parliament on the Tory interest, mortgaged all he had left, to put himself in

the way of the 10,000l. for the good of his country. This seasonable recruit fixed him a staunch patriot: and he declared, he would stand another election against all opposition. But, however it happened, the finishing of the lottery has induced him to change his sentiments; and Sir Humphry in lieu of the 10,000l. has accepted a place.

Jemmy Lister, an attorney's clerk, was carried into the lottery by pure disinterested love. He had conceived a violent passion for his master's daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to a handsome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him so much, that he immediately sold the reversion of a small estate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out the purchase-money, as far as it would go, in shares and chances, got the 10,000l. He was for some time in doubt, whether he should bestow his good fortune on the young lady, or employ it more fashionably in keeping a girl. However, his hopes soon sunk to one of the 5000l. prizes, which he generously determined to settle upon her together with his person. But in this too he was unhappily disappointed; and at last, like a true lover, contented himself with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father should give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes, which he was sure would fall to his lot. Fortune alas! is no less blind a deity than love: they both conspired to disappoint him; and the unsuccessful gallant, having received a positive refusal from his mistress, out of mere spite directly married the maid.

Captain Mac Mullen, a decayed gamester, made shift to purchase the chance of a sixteenth, which (notwithstanding the great odds against him) came up 10,000l. The first thing to be done was to purchase a genteel suit of clothes with his part of the prize,

hire an equipage, pass himself off for a man of quality, and snap up a rich dowager or heiress: after which it was very easy for him to dupe all the raw gamesters at Arthur's out of their estates, and to take in all the knowing-ones on the turf at Newmarket. He accordingly bespoke his liveries, settled the fashion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady, whose good luck it should be to fall in love with him: but so uncertain is the state of a gamester, that since the drawing of the lottery he has advertised for charitable contributions to a distressed gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular instances among the other sex, with respect to their disposal of the Ten Thousand; which every lady had secured by choosing the ticket herself, taking particular care, that the number should be an odd one. The married ladies have sufficient calls for even double this sum, to supply them with the necessaries of dress, and to answer the expences of frequenting public diversions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that "in ten thousand pounds ten thousand charms are centered." Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of a husband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were resolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good dispositions behind them, by swelling out their wills with a long list of items to this or that charity or hospital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generosity of my own publisher upon getting the 10,000l. As his success was owing to his laying out in the lottery all the profits, which had already risen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined

to circulate my future numbers gratis; and had even designed to keep open house for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has frustrated his disinterested scheme: Even I myself am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week; and (instead of giving away my papers) he has advertised, that the twelves edition of the Connoisseur will be published on Tuesday the 25th of this instant November, in two pocket volumes, price six shillings bound.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by H. Baldwin and Son,
New Bridge-Street, London.